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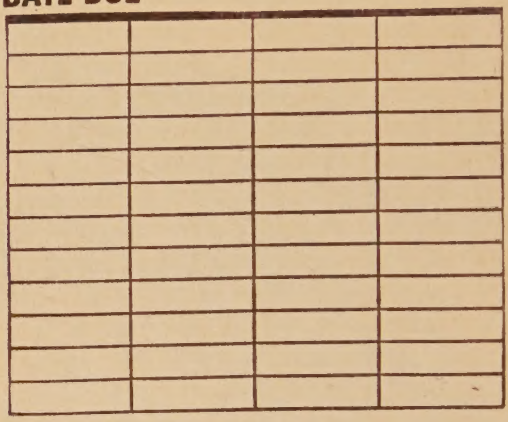

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MR. MONEYPENNY

Other Books by

CHANNING POLLOCK

THE FOOL

THE ENEMY

Mr. Moneypenny

by

Channing Pollock

New York
Brentano's · Publishers
1928

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MANUFACTURED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

N.D. S.U. LIBRARY
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To

MY WIFE

". . . To bring such visionary scenes to pass
One thing was requisite, and that was—Money!"

THOMAS HOOD

A FOREWORD

(Written by Pierre de Rohan, dramatic critic of the "New York American," immediately before the first performance of "Mr. Moneypenny" in New York.)

To-morrow the puny little smart Alecks who constitute our self-styled *intelligentsia* will tell each other and anyone else who will listen that Channing Pollock merely has preached an old sermon in a new pulpit. To which the retort proper obviously is: Well, what of it? So did Buddha, and Mohammed, and Confucius, and a certain Nazarene. But somehow their words have managed to survive.

"Mr. Moneypenny," too, will survive. It may not equal the longevity record of "Abie's Irish Rose" on the stage, or go into as many editions as did "The Sheik," but some part of it will live and grow in the heart and mind of every person who sees it. And if that is not the true purpose of every play, then my conception of the theatre and its place in the progress of civilization is all wrong.

It is my business to analyze and criticize plays, not to write them. But I wish that I might have written "Mr. Moneypenny." I wish that I might have proven,

as Mr. Pollock proves here, that money-madness is a scourge with which humanity is being afflicted to-day as never before, but that it is not incurable. I wish that I might have drawn his definite distinction between the curse of wealth accumulated for wealth's sake, and the blessing of riches held in trust by those who realize the responsibility of their stewardship. I wish that I might have conceived the Hogarthian figures which stalk through his play, giving it life and strength and verisimilitude. I wish that I might have said *all* the things, be they old or new, that Channing Pollock says in "Mr. Moneypenny."

PIERRE DE ROHAN

New York City,
October 16, 1928.

MR. MONEYPENNY was presented for the first time in New York City on October 17th, 1928, at the Liberty Theater, with the following cast:

PERSONS IN ACT ONE

JOHN JONES		DONALD MEEK
"JUNIOR" JONES		EVAN HEFLIN
MURPHY		CHARLES SLATTERY
MR. MONEYPENNY		HALE HAMILTON
GREEN, *the Guard*		LYONS WICKLAND
BLACK	*Clerks*	EDWARD DE TISNE
WHITE		STANLEY ZIPSER
BROWN		DONALD CAMPBELL
GRAY		ROBERT VIVIAN
IVY, *the Telephone Girl*		BETTY BRENSKA
VIOLET	*Typists*	LEE SMITH
ROSE		HELEN SPRING
IRIS		MARION MOREHOUSE
PANSY		AUDREY BAIRD
HAROLD, *the Office Boy*		DOUGLAS R. CARTER
PAT	*The Gold-Diggers*	FRANK SYLVESTER
MIKE		HAMILTON MOTT
GLORY, *the Secretary*		CATHERINE DALE OWEN
HER MAID		EDITH BABSON
HER CHAUFFEUR		GROVER BURGESS
DAVID JONES		ALBERT HAYES

ADDITIONAL PERSONS IN ACT TWO

CARRIE JONES	MARGARET WYCHERLY
MOLLY JONES	RUTH NUGENT
MICHAEL MORN, *"The Professor"*	JOHN D. SEYMOUR
SEE, BEE (*Servants*)	HAMILTON MOTT, STANLEY ZIPSER
MISS DEE, *the Amanuensis*	LEE SMITH
EPH, *the Page-Boy*	DOUGLAS R. CARTER
QUEUE, *the Valet*	JAMES COYLE
THE COUNT	EDWARD DE TISNE
MR. PEEL	JAMES COYLE
MR. SMUDGE	ROBERT VIVIAN
MR. RICH	CHARLES SLATTERY
MR. DE LAYS	FRANK SYLVESTER
DR. PUGH	DONALD CAMPBELL
MISS GOOF	AUDREY BAIRD
MRS. CHASER	HELEN SPRING
THREE MORE OF THE DULL RICH	MISSES BABSON, MACKAY AND CAMERON
ANOTHER THREE	MISSES ECKLUND, GRIFFITH AND KNAPP
THE BALLAD-SINGER	STANLEY ZIPSER
THE HOTSY-TOTSY GIRL	LEE SMITH
THE MISTRESS OF CEREMONIES	BETTY BRENSKA
THE DEAD WOMAN	MARION MOREHOUSE
HER FRIEND	CLARA EVERETT
HER ESCORT	GEORGE PARKER
A DRUNKEN MAN	EDWARD DE TISNE
A GIGOLO	DOUGLAS R. CARTER
VARIOUS VOICES	

ADDITIONAL PERSONS IN ACT THREE

MR. LIGHT	LYONS WICKLAND
MR. SMART	FRANK SYLVESTER
MR. WISE	EDWARD DE TISNE
MISS SHINE	LEE SMITH
THE END	CHARLES SLATTERY

THE CHORUS—Edith Babson, Mildred Brower, Phyllis Cameron, Ann Ecklund, Camille Griffith, Evelyn Knapp and Marita Mackay.

IN THE FINAL PICTURE—Rich Man, Poor Man, Beggar Man, Thief, Doctor, Lawyer, Merchant, Chief; Jane Seymour, George Cotton, Anna Graf, Clara Bowes, John Gayling, Estelle Garde, William E. Graham, Alfred Curtis, Helen Frazer, Norma Hall, Andrew Bissing, Jessie Hall, Ralph Andrews, Mary Lunn and Elisabeth Carter.

THE TABLEAUX

ACT I . . . . . BUSINESS

THE VAULT
THE OFFICE

ACT II . . . . . PLEASURE

SACRAMENT
HOME
THE CLUB
NIGHT

THE TABLEAUX

ACT III . . . . . HAPPINESS

DAWN

THE BEAUTY SHOP

THE PLACE AND TIME . . . . HERE AND NOW

MR. MONEYPENNY

ACT I

Scene I

THE VAULTS OF THE DAY-AND-NIGHT BANK

The room is small, but solidly-built, giving us a sense of security and impenetrability. The wall on your left rakes gently over its first six feet, and then more sharply up to the rear. In the center of this sharper angle is a grille of steel bars, and, in the center of the grille, the entrance to this chamber . . . a great, steel-barred door, opening into the room, and away from us. Inside the door, a heavy lock, and outside, and above it, an alarm-gong that may be set in motion from various points of vantage. Through the door, we see stone walls, dimly lighted, and may imagine a flight of stone steps.

Below the corner created by the angle, is a small table, bearing a time-stamping machine, and other utensils, and, below that, a wooden chair. The center

opening in the rear wall is a ponderous steel door to the safe-deposit boxes. Two or three wide steps lead up to the elevation of this room. The circular door, of a common type, is open against the wall to your right, showing a glass back, through which is visible the ordinary complicated and elaborate mechanism of time-locks. The chamber beyond, brightly illuminated, runs off to your left, and contains the usual serried rows of safe-deposit boxes, large and small. In the doorway, a small step-ladder for reaching the uppermost of these. Above the opening, a large Western Union clock, the electric light above it showing the hour to be a few minutes before eight.

On the stage, and your left of the opening, another wooden chair, and a small steel file and card index. The wall on your right is pierced by doors to coupon-cutting rooms, but the important thing about this wall, and these doors, is that the position of both provides a considerable blank space, conspicuous from all parts of the auditorium. This wall, like the others, may be of stone, but, whatever the composition, its color is light enough to throw into sharp relief a shadow projected either from the steel grille or through the opening to the safe-deposit boxes. A huge flat-topped desk, in front of, and with its broad side parallel with this blank wall, is furnished, upon either side, with blotter, and writing utensils. Between the desk and the wall is a revolving desk-chair; opposite,

a leather seated arm-chair. Beyond this, an inverted water bottle, in the usual stand, with paper cups. There may be one or two other chairs, and there is an electric switch and fuse-box on your left of the center opening. A desk lamp and wall-brackets light the room, but not so brightly as to dissolve an atmosphere of mystery, solitude, and uncertainty.

[*At rise of the curtain.*] *As indicated by the clock, it is nearly eight in the evening.* John Jones *is seated behind the desk, reading a pamphlet.* Jones *is the night manager of this department . . . a man extraordinary only in his unvarying ordinariness; a* middleman *. . . middle-aged, middle-sized, middle-class, and middlingly equipped, mentally and physically. Somehow, he reminds us of Homer Davenport's cartoons of The Common People. He is middlingly-well, and inconspicuously dressed. In years, he is just over fifty.*

When the curtain is well up, the black shadow of a tall and portly man steals across the floor and climbs the blank wall behind Jones *. . . a shadow later recognizable as that of* Mr. Moneypenny. *The progress of the shadow is as though the substance stood outside the closed grille-door; then passed through that door, without opening it; slowly and ominously advanced to the middle of the room; paused, turned away from us, and disappeared through the entrance to the safe-deposit boxes. As the shadow falls across his book,*

JONES *looks up, quietly, expecting to see its maker. Failing that, he is greatly, and not unnaturally, alarmed. Slowly and not too steadily, he rises to his feet, his eyes glued to the shadow.*

JONES. God'l'mighty, what's that? ! ! [*The shadow covers him. He calls.*] Murphy . . . MURPH! !

MURPHY. [*Outside.*] Yeh! What's the matter? [*He appears behind the grille, fumbling for his keys, finding them, unlocking the door, and entering.* MURPHY *is the Custodian. Formerly, he was a policeman. He remains a perfect type of city-constable, grown gray in service. The summons caught him in the act of opening his locker to change from mufti to uniform. He wears a derby that just escapes being funny, but nothing else uncommon. In the moment of his fumbling, the shadow has disappeared. Somewhat tardily,* JONES *is raking the top drawer of his desk for a revolver.*] What is it?

JONES. Somebody's in here.

MURPHY. In where?

JONES. [*Pointing.*] In there.

MURPHY. What of it?

JONES. I didn't let anybody in. Did you?

MURPHY. No.

JONES. Well?

MURPHY. [*Turning to retire.*] Well, then there ain't anybody.

JONES. Look in that room.

MURPHY. Sure! [*Exits C.*]

JONES. [*Still searching.*] Where's my gun?

MURPHY. [*Reappearing.*] Not a soul!

JONES. That's funny. I saw somebody. Anyway, I saw somebody's shadow. Maybe it was *your* shadow. [*Observing the step-ladder,* MURPHY *kicks it aside.* JONES *jumps.*] Don't do that! [MURPHY *starts to leave.*] Where are you going? [*As* MURPHY *turns with the obvious answer.*] Well, bring it in here. [MURPHY *departs, leaving open the door, which* JONES *closes.*] I don't know what's the matter with me. I got the Willies. [*He looks behind him, suddenly and apprehensively; walks to the center of the room, and from there regards his desk.*] Where the hell *is* that gun?

[MURPHY *re-enters, carrying his uniform, to which he proceeds to change, trousers first and derby last; throwing the discarded garments upon the small table.*]

MURPHY. Why should *you* have the Willies? You been here twenty years.

JONES. That's why. [*Slowly walks toward the grille, regarding its bars.*] Twenty years in jail . . . for being honest.

MURPHY. [*Engaged with his trousers.*] If you hadn't been honest, you might 'a' got more.

JONES. I'll say so! . . . As it is, I got "life," and that's *all* I got.

MURPHY. Life's worth something.

JONES. Not a dog's life.

MURPHY. [*Puzzled by this new attitude on the part of his colleague.*] Wha'd'ya mean . . . a dog's life?

JONES. Watch dog's.

MURPHY. You got a job, and a home. . . .

JONES. [*As yet, only gently remonstrative. His vehemence comes later; as he warms up to the subject.*] Yes! I got a job . . . in the Tombs . . . and a home . . . in Jackson Heights . . . and two mortgages, and a lawn mower! Every night I quit my job, and go home, and get some sleep, and get up, and play golf with the lawn mower, and come back to my job. The only excitement I've had in twenty years was the night the cat laid down in the fly-paper. It's going on like this 'til I die, and then it's going on going on!

MURPHY. You mean in heaven?

JONES. [*Significantly.*] Not in heaven. In my family . . . that's what I mean! Junior'll go on being an office boy at The Graphic. I've got nothing to give him like regular fellows give their sons. David'll go on being a clerk with a pickle firm.

MURPHY. Fine boy . . . David!

JONES. [*With warm pride.*] You betcha; and a hard worker, but no ambish! Satisfied to get his thirty a week, and go fishing with me holidays. That's the curse of my family . . . satisfied! Molly's satisfied to marry that damn fool professor and have children . . . if he's got the gumption . . . and they'll go on where we left off! My wife . . . Carrie. . . . She'll go on reading to me Sunday evenings, and growing dahlias, and being tickled to death when I can give her two dollars for a new root! All I hope is, when we cash in, nobody'll put up a stone that says, "Rest in Peace!" I've been resting in peace all my life, and I'm sick of it! [*He returns to his desk.*]

MURPHY. [*Beginning to be a little "sick of it" himself.*] 'Bout time for your dinner, ain't it?

JONES. It'll be here . . . on the minute. Junior's been bringing it on his way to work, and I've been eating it on the minute, for years and years. [*He sits.* MURPHY, *now in uniform, has folded his street clothing, and carries it to the wooden chair beside the vault*

door.] I'm sick of the treadmill! [MURPHY *looks around sharply, and a trifle impatiently.*] *I* got ambish! What do you think I was doing when you came in?

MURPHY. [*Succinctly.*] Yellin'!

JONES. [*Indicating his pamphlet.*] Studying to be a bond salesman. I know a bond salesman that makes ten thousand a year.

MURPHY. What does he do with it?

JONES. What does he do with ten thousand? Well! ! ! He's got a five-thousand-dollar apartment, and a four-door sedan, and a show girl, and . . . and nothing to worry about!

MURPHY. You want a show girl?

JONES. [*Surprised, and disgusted.*] I don't want nobody but Carrie. Carrie . . . and David . . . and a lot of coin!

MURPHY. Is *that* all?

JONES. [*Confidently.*] Yes, and I'm going to get it, too! [*Less confidently.*] Some day. [*More confidently.*] I got a millionaire very much interested in me! [MURPHY *doesn't seem adequately impressed.*] Box 1104. Mr. Moneypenny!

MURPHY. Mister *who?*

JONES. [*With increasing enthusiasm.*] Mr. Moneypenny! New customer. You'd like him. *Everybody* does. I've been talking a good deal to Mr. Moneypenny! [MURPHY *understands now, and indicates it. A sound the other side of the grille.*] What's that?

MURPHY. [*Peering through the door, and then unlocking it.*] Junior.

JONES. [*Rising, and coming forward.*] Fourteen minutes late! [JUNIOR *enters . . . a charming, fair-haired boy of 18 . . . bringing in youth and high spirits.*]

MURPHY. Hello, Junior!

JONES. Hello, Junior!

JUNIOR. Hello, Mr. Murphy! And the same to you, Pop! Did you think I wasn't coming?

MURPHY. [*Relocking the door, and returning to his card index.*] He's been grouchin' his head off!

JONES. [*Solicitously; feeling his son's shoulder.*] You're all wet.

[JUNIOR *chooses the slang significance of the phrase, and laughs as he hands his father a luncheon kit.*]

JUNIOR. We're going to have a great old thunder shower. [JONES. *turns away.*] Pop! David's got a raise!

JONES. No!

MURPHY. [*At the same time.*] That's great!

JUNIOR. That's what kept me. . . .

JONES. [*Ecstatic; to* MURPHY.] I always said David . . .

JUNIOR. David came home, and told us, and afterwards . . .

JONES. That pickle firm knows a good man. . . .

JUNIOR. . . . Mother couldn't keep her mind on the sandwiches.

JONES. That's David! Indispensable! So they gave him a raise?

JUNIOR. Three dollars. [*Words fail* JONES. *He looks at* JUNIOR, *and then, luncheon kit in hand, goes to his desk.*] Three dollars a week. David says he's going to bank it!

JONES. Bank it! He ought to *crate* it, and send it to a storage warehouse! [*He opens the luncheon kit, and discovers the last straw.*] Cold mutton!

JUNIOR. If I had thirty-three a week, I'd buy a Chevrolet! [*He gets his hat.*] Well, me for The Graphic! [*To* MURPHY.] Got a spare umbrella? [MURPHY *searches.*] Oh! David says will you get some flea powder for Coolidge?

MURPHY. Coolidge?

JONES. Gee, didn't you ever hear of Coolidge? Pup that adopted me. Good breed.

JUNIOR. Two breeds.

JONES. Yes, and *both* good! That pup's human. David and me . . . we take him fishing every Sunday!

JUNIOR. [*To* MURPHY, *who gives him an umbrella.*] Thanks. [*To his father.*] S'long, Pop!

JONES. S'long! . . . Oh, say! Michael there when you left?

JUNIOR. Sure! Spending the evening.

JONES. That's all he ever spends.

JUNIOR. They're reading poems. Something about silence and twilight in a churchyard. That's my idea of a jazzy evening! You sent Molly to college, and look what it got her! No college for *me!* I'm going to be editor of The Graphic! [*As he disappears.*] 'Bye, Mr. Murphy . . . until tomorrow!

JONES. [*He has been unpacking his luncheon . . . sandwiches, cold mutton, a pickle, chocolate cake, and hot cocoa. The cocoa is fragrant.* JONES *begins to feel more appreciation than he has expressed, but his mind is still in Jackson Heights.*] What she sees in that guy. . . .

MURPHY. [*He has re-locked the door.*] Don't he never come across?

JONES. [*Eating with obvious, but unconscious enjoyment.*] Yes. Across the Queensboro Bridge. Every Tuesday. To the Metropolitan Museum. [*Bites.*] Molly's free Tuesdays. [*Bites.*] And so's the Metropolitan Museum.

MURPHY. What's Michael's job?

JONES. He's a Professor . . . in Floral Park . . . and gets twelve hundred a year for being it! They're saving to get married. . . . Have a cup o' cocoa?

MURPHY. Got plenty?

JONES. Sure!

MURPHY. [*Bringing a paper cup.*] You're gonna get hell, some day, for eatin' out here!

JONES. [*Sniffs, and fills the cup.*] *David* gets more'n twelve hundred. Trouble with David . . . he's satisfied. I'd like to show him what it means to *have* things. And Junior. If he went to college. . . . I always thought if I'd gone to college, I might 'a' been a realtor . . . or a bond salesman. [MURPHY *is drinking.*] Sit down?

MURPHY. No, thanks.

JONES. I don't blame you. Gee, I'm sick of eating at a desk. And cold mutton. And no opportunity. Mr. Moneypenny says . . .

MURPHY. Mr. Moneypenny?

JONES. He says . . .

MURPHY. If I was you, I'd lay off that guy.

JONES. Why?

MURPHY. He ain't doin' you no good.

JONES. That's all you know about it! Gee, *I* was satisfied until I met *him*. Now I'm just full of ambish. If I ever get an opportunity, I'm going to do things!

MURPHY. Ain't you doin' things?

JONES. What?

MURPHY. You're takin' care of billions of dollars.

JONES. Yes. Sitting up with 'em nights, while their mama's out dancing her head off!

MURPHY. You're honest, and loyal. . . .

JONES. A lot that gets me!

MURPHY. And a good citizen, and a good father. . . .

JONES. And a big boob!

MURPHY. Wha'd'ya mean, boob?

JONES. I mean boob! The big joke! Mr. Common People! Mr. Commuter! Mr. Husband-and-Father! The laughing stock of the whole world!

MURPHY. [*Surprised, and a little indignant.*] Laughin' stock! Me . . . and you? Doin' our job? Riskin' our lives? I call that bein' a hero!

JONES. Hero! Wake up! Didn't you ever read a book or see a movie?

MURPHY. Sure!

JONES. With a hero like you or me? We're the comedy! The heroes . . . they're the crooks, and gold-diggers, and the easy-money boys that started with a nickel and finish with a close-up in a limousine!

MURPHY. All right! Let 'em have it! I can sleep nights!

JONES. They don't want to!

MURPHY. And go home. . . .

JONES. They don't have to!

MURPHY. . . . and find my wife and kids waitin', and glad to see me!

JONES. Hokum!

MURPHY. Wha'd'ya mean, hokum? That's honest sentiment!

JONES. You said it! That stuff you're talking . . . that was K.O. twenty years ago . . . but we've gone past it! We've got wise! And the wise guy gets his!

MURPHY. Gets what?

JONES. Coin . . . the only thing that counts! The only thing anybody gives a damn for!

MURPHY. [*Bromidically.*] Money don't buy happiness.

JONES. The hell it don't! Having things . . . that's happiness! All the things other people have, and a lot of things other people can't get! Look around you! We're all running the same way, and everybody but dubs has got to keep up with the parade!

MURPHY. [*Flabbergasted.*] Jees, if I don't think you're cra . . . sick!

JONES. I told you I'm sick! Sick o' being on the treadmill! Sick of pushing a lawn mower, and bringing up coal, and helping Carrie with the dishes! I want her to have two hired girls, and pink silk stockings, and a diamond wrist-watch, and a Park Avenue flat with a Tarara marble lobby! I want to give David a chance, and Junior an education, and Molly a go-getter husband with coupons that don't come from Schulte's!

MURPHY. Well, I'm dog-goned!

JONES. So'm I! Under-dog-goned, and tired of being it. [*Slowly, the shadow reappears, but this time it suggests a figure more familiar than that of any mere plutocrat . . . a long figure, with horns and a tail. Projected from inside the safe-deposit chamber, it advances slowly, and slowly, silently, blackly envelops*

JONES, *and climbs the wall behind his desk.*] Tired of sitting here with nothing to think about but an in-growing toe-nail, while the rest of the world goes to parties, and shows, and night clubs! I want to meet some interesting people! I want success, and all the trimmings! I want to be somebody, and have push-buttons on my desk, and folks saying, "Good evening, sir." Honesty . . . bunk! Loyalty's a lot of apple-sauce! This love and duty and a little gray home with a mortgage . . . all hooey and hokum! Ask anybody! Ask Mr. Moneypenny! That guy thinks the Metropolitan Museum's full o' wax-works, but he's got six motor cars, and he's opened *my* eyes, all right! Mr. Moneypenny. . . . [*But* JONES *has become vaguely aware of something wrong with* MURPHY, *who has seen the shadow, and passed from incredulity to conviction and horror.*] Mr. Moneypen. . . . [*It has occurred to* MURPHY *to seek the source of the shadow, and following his glance,* JONES *finds it.*] Why, Mr. Moneypenny! Good evening, sir. I didn't see you come in.

[MURPHY *crosses himself. During* JONES' *peroration,* MR. MONEYPENNY *has entered quietly from the safe-deposit room, and listened, with amused appreciation, leaning against the doorway. There is something unusual about him, but nothing supernatural. He is . . . in fact . . . rather emphatically mundane. The horns and tail of the shadow*

are probably explained by hair brushed up in front and by an umbrella he holds behind his back, and that dangles between his legs, with the crook-end down.

[Mr. Moneypenny's *tangibility does not prevent our thinking him somehow sinister and unreal. Jolly, a good fellow, there is something spurious in his jocularity. Later, we are to find that he has various aspects, and appears differently to different people, and at different times . . . that he can be kind and cruel, polished and vulgar, sentimental —with a sort of "fake" sentiment—and hard as steel. We are to learn that he is oily, oozy, persuasive, untrustworthy, a liar, a lecher, sleek, sensuous, dependable, beneficent, brutal, gay, greedy, voluptuous, strong, domineering, lawless, and a great talker. A talker who is generally heard with deference, and rarely disputed. He has the habit of authority; the assurance of popularity. He never doubts himself and he is seldom doubted. Like St. Paul, he is "all things to all men," and especially to all women . . . loved sometimes, cursed sometimes, but almost always desired. In age, he might be thirty years . . . or centuries. What we see now is* Mr. Moneypenny *at his best . . . a little unctuous, perhaps, but plausible, charming. A little "cocky," but carefree, round, well-fed and jovial. He is in evening clothes, and becomes them. We*

are drawn to him. We like him . . . as everyone does who doesn't know him too well, or who knows him well enough. That is, everyone . . . perhaps . . . but MURPHY.]

MR. MONEYPENNY. [*Smiling broadly, and using the stale jest with forced, but ingratiating, geniality.*] Did I hear you calling me?

JONES. No, I didn't ca . . . Yes, I did.

MURPHY. *No, we DIDN'T,* and, askin' your pardon, I'd like to know where you came from.

MR. MONEYPENNY. [*Indicating the safe-deposit room.*] In there.

MURPHY. You wasn't in there five minutes ago!

MR. MONEYPENNY. [*Drawing out the last two words.*] Oh, yes! I've been here a long time!

MURPHY. I looked. . . .

MR. MONEYPENNY. And didn't find me. That's not remarkable. [*He jingles the coins in his pocket. The jingle fills the air, and is very musical.*] I guess you didn't look very hard.

MURPHY. [*Impervious to music, but resentful of the words.*] Wha'd'ya mean . . . ?

JONES. Murph!

MURPHY. [*Admonished, but not convinced.*] Well, maybe I didn't. I'm gonna look now, though . . . *in every crack!* [*He goes up.*] When a man *your size* can be in that safe, and me not see him, it's time I sent for a doctor . . . or a priest! [*He returns to the vault.*]

MR. MONEYPENNY. [*Laughing.*] He thinks I'm the devil. Lots o' people do. People that don't "get" me.

JONES. I get you. I told Murph we'd been talking.

MR. MONEYPENNY. And he blames me. . . .

JONES. 'Cause I got ambish.

MR. MONEYPENNY. [*Always amused.*] What kind of "ambish"?

JONES. Same as everybody's. I want to be a rich man. I guess I always wanted to be a rich man, but I never thought about it much 'til I heard you talk.

MR. MONEYPENNY. You've got to think about it . . . all the time . . . if you want to get where *I* am.

JONES. That's *just* what I want!

MR. MONEYPENNY. I've got everything!

JONES. [*Worshippingly.*] Everything money can buy!

MR. MONEYPENNY. That's everything!

[MURPHY *re-appears, frustrated and glowering.*

He takes his clothes from the chair, and goes through the barred door, locking it, very positively, behind him.]

JONES. [*Reminded of* MURPHY, *and his denial.*] You think money buys happiness?

MR. MONEYPENNY. [*Nods.*] And comfort. Ease. Power.

JONES. I'd like to have power.

MR. MONEYPENNY. Money is the measure of success.

JONES. I'd like to be a success.

MR. MONEYPENNY. That's . . . *life!* Fools and futilities talk of the joys of poverty. Love. Tranquillity. Work, and the finer things. Bunk! Alibis! Love follows the bank-roll! Tranquillity won't live with the fear of losing your job! The finer things are, the more they cost! Life is girls, and music, and motor-cars, and thrills, and things, and sensation! Life's a mile-a-minute, and to hell with the gasoline!

JONES. I feel that way.

MR. MONEYPENNY. Good!

JONES. I'm for you!

MR. MONEYPENNY. The world's for me now-a-days!

JONES. Home and friends. . . .

MR. MONEYPENNY. Old stuff! Wait 'til you see the home money can buy!

JONES. I know . . . on Park Avenue. There's just one *little* thing.

MR. MONEYPENNY. Yes?

JONES. How do I get it?

MR. MONEYPENNY. Easy!

JONES. How?

MR. MONEYPENNY. Pay for it.

JONES. I don't follow.

MR. MONEYPENNY. You must. Follow me. Love me better than anything else in the universe!

JONES. [*His first real doubt.*] Better than David?

MR. MONEYPENNY. Yes.

JONES. And Carrie?

MR. MONEYPENNY. Yes.

JONES. I don't think I could.

MR. MONEYPENNY. Then . . . [*He starts to go.*]

JONES. [*Hastily.*] That is, of course, I'll try . . . on their account. [*The lights are growing dim.*]

MR. MONEYPENNY. [*Returning.*] Now you're in step!

JONES. When do we start?

MR. MONEYPENNY. Right away.

JONES. But, gee-whiz, the bank. . . .

MR. MONEYPENNY. You can't stop for little things!

JONES. Little things?

MR. MONEYPENNY. Like faith and loyalty.

JONES. [*Swallowing hard.*] All right! I'm ready! . . . Gee, it's getting dark. I don't seem to see as clearly as I did.

MR. MONEYPENNY. There's a storm coming. You're not afraid?

JONES. Of what?

[*A rumble of thunder answers him . . . and us.*]

MR. MONEYPENNY. Of losing what you have.

JONES. I ain't got anything to lose!

MR. MONEYPENNY. All right! It's a bargain! On condition. . . .

JONES. Yes?

MR. MONEYPENNY. That hereafter you work for *me!*

JONES. [*Fervently.*] I'll be glad to!

MR. MONEYPENNY. Then swear!

JONES. What?

MR. MONEYPENNY. I am the Lord, thy God! Thou shalt have no other gods before me!

JONES. Oh, say, I . . .

MR. MONEYPENNY. That's the ritual! SWEAR!

JONES. [*Raising his hand.*] So help me! [*A crash of thunder. The fuse blows out . . . with a flash of flame . . . and all is darkness.*] HELP! !

[*Dimly, in the stone wall about the entrance to the safe-deposit boxes, we see windows . . . the windows of a huge office building. Above the door are the words: JONES & CO.*]

MR. MONEYPENNY. [*In the darkness.*] COME! COME!

[*The big alarm bell outside the grille begins ringing violently. The lights come on, dimly, for a moment. The wall is blank, as before . . . but the stage is vacant.* JONES *and* MR. MONEYPENNY *are gone. Only* MURPHY, *outside the grille, having started the gong, is trying keys, vainly, and rattling the barred door, as he cries out.*]

MURPHY. Help! Holy Mother! Mr. Jones! Where are you? What's happened? Moneypenny! I knew! What the hell's the matter with this door?

[*Darkness shuts down again, and* MURPHY'S *voice trails off . . . lost in that strange, eerie, musical jingle. There is a snatch of the air, "HALLELUJAH," from the current musical comedy, called "Hit the Deck," and then the jingle grows louder . . . becomes the roar of falling coins . . . the coins we are to see falling. We begin hearing the sounds of other things we are to begin seeing, as the lights go up, slowly, on. . . .*

Scene 2

THE OFFICE OF JONES & CO.

A large room in which Efficiency, and its products, are glorified, and achieve what, to Efficiency, must seem Beauty. Everything is right angles, but the walls are tastefully adorned with panels, in which are painted such original and stimulating sentiments as "HONESTY," "LOYALTY," "TIME IS MONEY," "MONEY IS POWER," "DON'T ANCHOR HERE," "THIS MEANS YOU," and "SMILE, SMILE, SMILE." Between these, are highly-decorative dollar-marks, and conspicuously placed, on your left, is a medallion, bearing the stupid face of a golden calf, its fat neck ringed by a floral wreath, all above the declaration, "IN GOLD WE TRUST."

The wall facing you, on your left, inclines gently, and backs a row of lockers, disappearing off stage, numbered "702," "703," etc. At its right end, a little jog, and then, again facing you, the main entrance—a double door, opening in your direction, with frosted glass panels, upon which are lettered: "ROOM 10,321. JONES & CO. PRIVATE." Running up and down,

from the right of this door to the footlights, a rail, with a gate at the lower end. Against this rail, on its right, a large, flat desk, with a time-clock, facing left. The desk also bears writing materials, a card index, a stamping machine, etc.

From the upper end of this rail, the wall inclines again, so that you see clearly a large stock-quotation board, at the top of which are cards reading, "GOVERNORS," "MAYORS," "JUDGES," etc., with the usual prices beneath. The usual rack, and, in front of the board, a battery of tickers, telegraph instruments, etc. Above the board, in a section of wall once more straight up and down, a door on which is lettered, "LADIES' REST ROOM."

The center section of the back wall is hidden by a contrivance placed in front of it, the nature of which will be revealed later, but, on either side of this are large windows, from which the sunlight is shut out by huge coverings of paper bearing a confusion of figures. On this account, the room is electric-lighted, partly by a big chandelier, in the form of a dollar-mark, and partly by desk-lamps. In its outline, the wall on your right exactly corresponds with the wall on your left, except that its lower incline is broken, at its base, by a section running straight up and down, and containing a huge, double-doored safe. This safe, now open, is seen to be cram-full of gold coins. From a coal-chute, protruding from the inclined wall above the

safe, flows a river of these coins—precisely as you have seen coal flow down the ordinary chute. Above the chute is a spot-light, trained upon the stream, so that it glitters and coruscates as it falls. From the wall, on either side of the chute, sticks the nose of a machine gun, and above each gun is a large eye, with a lid that may be drawn over it. There is a map, with dollar-marks for cities, and, opposite the stock-board, in the corresponding wall, a double door, leading to the general office. This door has frosted glass panels, upon which is lettered, "DEPARTMENT A 9 Z 623."

In the center of the stage, fairly close to the footlights, is the contrivance already mentioned—a high pedestal, upon which stands an enormous metronome, the big pendulum swinging rapidly and regularly, with a loud ticking, that gives the tempo of office activity. In the peak of the metronome-cabinet is the same clock we saw in the previous scene, and which we see in every succeeding scene, "time being of the essence of the contract." This clock has a device by which, at intervals, certain placards appear over its face. The spire atop the peak is a large steam-whistle, with a cord, plainly visible.

In front of all this, upon a low platform that is part of it, four typewriter-tables, bearing typewriters, etc. Upon each table a telephone, and back of each table a chair. On either side of the four tables, an enormous steel filing-cabinet, with a mirror above it. One cabinet

is labelled, "AA to ZZ" and the other "ZZ to AA."

On the left—as you face it—of this central platform, between it and the rail-desk, but placed so that it does not conceal the stock-board, a telephone switch-board, of the type frequently seen in offices, with a chair. On the right of the platform, and, except for the metronome, the most conspicuous thing in the room, is the huge, flat-topped desk belonging to MR. JONES. *Behind this desk, a big arm-chair, with a tall, carved, wooden back, and other large chairs about the desk, at one corner of which a small pole, from which floats the American Flag. In front of the desk, a bench, with ordinary flower pots, containing plants, and bearing placards, "RAILROAD STOCK," "DRY PETROLEUM," "MINING STOCK," INDUSTRIAL STOCK," "PUBLIC UTILITIES." The flower of "Dry Petroleum" is withered. Upon and around the desk is every conceivable labor, and labor-saving, device.*

Conspicuously, MR. JONES' *private metronome, which does not take its tempo from its big brother. Also, there are writing materials, a battery of push buttons, a small watering pot, half a dozen telephones, one of those contrivances that reproduce messages hand-written elsewhere, one of those contrivances that bellow to the entire vicinity words spoken into a telephone elsewhere. There is a sugar-scoop; a brass tablet, reading "MR. JONES"; and innumerable*

papers. Behind the desk, left, a Dictaphone. In front of it, right, a refuse-tin, of the kind used on street corners, marked, "PERSONAL."

Here and there about the stage, on the floor, and especially above the left end of Mr. Jones' *desk, "corners," of the sort used in some games. They consist of two boards joined at right angles, and gaily painted; half the outline of a square. Of these, as the saying is, "more anon." The office is not such an office as you would be likely to see every day. Rather, it is the apotheosis of such an office—the office a super-tired-business man might vision in a nightmare. It screams, "Success!"*

[*At rise of the Curtain.*] Murphy's *voice, and his alarm bell, have been drowned in the darkness. We have heard a strain of "Hallelujah!", the musical motif and theme of this play. Then, as the lights slowly reveal the room just described, we hear the noise of that room—the click of typewriters, the rattle of tickers and telegraph instruments, the roar of the money in the chute, the chant to which the curtain lifts. Above all, the tick of the big metronome, that sets the time of every sound and movement.*

The metronome is ticking rapidly now, and everything is life and quick motion. Even the clock, which shows the hour to be 10:10, is hurrying. At the desk beside the rail, Harold, *the insolent office boy, is using his stamping machine to the beat of the metronome. He*

is an average, freckle-faced, red-headed office boy, about 18 years old, and it is plain that he has taken his ideal of dress and appearance from the movies.

All the clerks—BROWN, BLACK *and* WHITE—*have followed the same model. They are faultlessly, if somewhat flashily garbed, and they have pomaded hair. They are rather pretty, and they look exactly alike.* WHITE *and* BLACK *wear spats, and large flowers in their button-holes. Their voices are tenor. They are filing papers in the steel cabinets, moving, with a robot-like, mechanical motion, in perfect unison, to the beat of the metronome. To the same beat, and with the same motion,* BROWN, *who is a basso, is changing prices on the stock-board.*

In the same way, IVY, *at the switchboard, and* ROSE, IRIS, *and* PANSY, *who occupy three of the four seats at the typewriters*—PANSY *being at the extreme left, and the chair on your right being vacant—are exactly alike; as all flappers are alike.* PANSY *is very fat, but that is her only distinction. When we see more of the girls, later, we shall discover that they are all bobbed, painted, wearing expensive dresses and every possible kind of jewelry. At the moment, their faces and torsos are hidden from us*—IVY'S *because she is facing her switch-board, and the others behind long and erect sheets of paper, covered with figures, which are in their machines. What we see now is only four pairs of legs—four shapely pairs, exposed*

by skirts that end above the knee; legs clad in sheer, flesh-colored stockings, rolled and gartered above the calf, the thinness of the hosiery revealing an anklet worn on each left leg. With the robot-like motion of the clerks, and to the beat of the metronome, Ivy *is plugging-in at her switch-board, and the other morons are clicking their typewriters.* Pat *and* Mike, *the gold-diggers, are ankle-deep in the shining heaps of coin that have descended, and are descending, from the chute. They wear the conventional costume of stokers; which is to say, undershirts, or nothing, from the waist up; belted, shapeless "pants," and old, shapleless shoes. They are dirty, and unkempt, and, with the same adherence to tempo and type of movement, they are wearily, sweatily shovelling coin from the piles into the crowded safe. Each wears a revolver, and each spits on his hands occasionally as he works.*

Standing guard over them, or lounging upon a corner of Mr. Jones' *desk is* Green, *a baritone, a handsome person, and aware of it. His swelling chest seems in danger of bursting his picturesque uniform. Picturesquely, his hand is upon the holster at his side. Though you may not feel it personally, he has sex appeal of high voltage. When he moves, it is in time with the metronome, and the same may be said of* Gray, *the only shabby figure in the group.* Gray *is an old man, beaten, broken, badly-dressed. He has a paddle, of the kind used in playing shuffle-board,*

with which he is eagerly, feverishly trying to push a disc into one of the corners already described—and always failing.

All the persons on the stage are chewing gum, and all are doing it in time with the metronome.

In fact, as has been said repeatedly, nothing is out of time. The noise is loudest in the darkness. As the lights come up, the din dies down, but remains insistent, a jazz rhythm. This rhythm is the rhythm of life, as they know it. Their very utterances do not disturb its cadence. The effect, as the scene becomes articulate, is of a choral chant, with soli and obbligati.

TENORS AND SOPRANI. [*Chanting as they work.*] Millions—Billions! Billions—Millions!

BROWN. [*A basso obbligato; the letters pronounced as one says "C. B. & Q," or any other abbreviation to initials.*] E-A-S & Y C-O-I & N!

IVY. Wrong number? 'Scuse it, please!

TYPISTS. Yours received, and contents noted!

TENORS. Hustle-Bustle! Hurry-Hurry!

OMNES. [*Chanting.*] Fifty thousand! Hundred thousand! Hundred million! Millions—Billions! Billions—Millions!

[*The chant subsides, but continues as an undertone. The metronome beat begins to be slower.*]

PAT. [*Without breaking the rhythm.*] Safe's full!

MIKE. Someone stop it!

BOTH. [*Working desperately.*] Someone stop it! Someone stop it!

MIKE. What the hell we gonna do with it?

GREEN. Nobody knows, but we must get more!

PAT. [*To* GREEN.] Come and help us!

GREEN. Against orders! I got to stand guard, so that nobody steals none!

MIKE. Maybe he'll send the next load to a University.

GREEN. Maybe—if he can't find no other place to put it. Last week we gave a couple o' tons to a Museum of Antiquities.

GRAY. [*Who has just failed to get his disc into the corner beside the desk.*] Wish I was an antiquity!

HAROLD. You got your wish!

[*An outburst of loud, cruel laughter.*]

GREEN. Mr. Moneypenny told you to corner that market.

GRAY. I know, but *I can't!* I've got old trying! [*He goes on trying.*]

TYPISTS. Thanking you for past favors.

[*The rhythm, though sligthly slower, becomes*

more pronounced. The gold stops flowing, and thus encouraged, PAT *and* MIKE *begin "trimming" the contents of the safe. One of the great eyes in the wall winks perceptibly. All this accords with the beat of the metronome, to which beat, accentuated by the click of the typewriters,* VIOLET *comes through the main entrance. She is the typist who belongs in the vacant chair; a facsimile of the other typists, but her dress and make-up show signs of haste, which she is attempting to remedy as she passes* HAROLD.]

HAROLD. [*Declining to be passed.*] Hey, girlie! Upper-cut the time-clock!

VIOLET. Wot's eatin' you? That's for the bosses!

HAROLD. You're haf a nour late!

VIOLET. I bin out all night . . . in a taxi!

HAROLD. Pettin' party?

VIOLET. I'll say he was! [*En route to her desk, she comes within range of* GREEN'S *sex appeal, and is visibly affected. However, as his back is turned to her, she tosses aside her hat and coat, and takes her place with the others.*]

THE TENORS AND SOPRANI. Millions—Billions!

BROWN. G. R. & A. V. Y.!

Ivy. Cut choo off? 'Scuse it, please!

[*The metronome has slowed considerably. The clock shows the hour to be half past ten. Across its face appears a card, inscribed "THAT 10:30 TIRED FEELING." As the eclipse is completed, all but the typists rise, or turn and stretch. This over, the typists roll down the pages that conceal them, and disclose themselves. Then, in perfect unison, they stick their chewing-gum on their machines, take out vanity cases, and make-up their lips. The lids descend drowsily over the two great eyes. Having got all the gold into the safe, the diggers close the iron doors, and seat themselves upon convenient objects.* Pat *produces a manicure set, and attends to his nails;* Mike *peruses a volume of "ASK ME ANOTHER."* Harold's *interest turns to a magazine, entitled "ART STUDIES," and* Ivy's *to another, known as "SMUTTY STORIES."* Brown *occupies himself with a cross-word puzzle, and* Green *wards off ennui with a hip-flask.* Black *and* White *adjust their ties before their mirrors. Only* Gray *continues working.*]

green. I'm about exhausted!

pat. What from?

green. Thinking.

mike. What do you think about?

[*The replies come in rapid succession; a vocal wave from right to left.*]

GREEN. "How Do You Look in a Bathing Suit?"

GRAY. "Big Money . . . Quick and Easy!"

WHITE. "Buy Today . . . Pay Tomorrow!"

VIOLET. "Brighten Your Eyes!"

ROSE. "Whiten Your Skin!"

IRIS. "Kiss-Proof and Permanent!"

PANSY. [*Eating candy.*] "No Diet—No Fasting!"

BLACK. "Diamonds win Hearts! $2 Down!"

IVY. "Flaming Youth!"

BROWN. "Double Your Salary Without Effort!"

HAROLD. "What Do Women Want Most? He-Men for Sweethearts!"

OMNES. Thrills! Thrills! Thrills! Thrills! [*The typists light cigarettes.*]

BROWN. Anybody know an eight-lettered word that means kick-in-the-pants?

BLACK. Try "hip-flask."

MIKE. "Whose name was writ in water?"

GREEN. Volstead! Ask me another!

IVY. [*To* HAROLD.] Wut choo readin'?

HAROLD. "Art Studies."

IVY. Ah, yuken see that stuff in any theyater! For a real kick, youghta try "Smutty Stories"!

HAROLD. [*Contemptuously.*] That's high-brow!

IVY. [*Indignantly repudiating the charge.*] No, 't'ain't! [*Reads from the cover.*] "Daring and Dirty!" [*Opening the magazine.*] Lissen! "Deliberately she kissed Lynn—a long, quiverin' kiss—but, w'en he tried t' cling, she thrus' him into the depps of his lux . . . luxchoorius limousine."

TYPISTS. [*Catching her ecstasy.*] Ah-h-h! [*With one movement, they lift tabloid newspapers, upon the back of each of which is a single word. Reading from left to right, the words are: "CRIME." "GRAFT." "SEX." "CRIME."*]

BROWN. [*Reading over* PANSY'S *shoulder.*] "Dead Baby Found in a Love Nest."

OMNES. Ain't it wu-u-underful?

TYPISTS. Thrills! Thrills! Thrills! Thrills! [*As the face of the clock re-appears.*]

OMNES. Millions—Billions! Billions—Millions!

[*And the office-force resumes work. Having finished* this *load, however,* PAT *and* MIKE *take their*

shovels, and go out. The eyes remain closed. Above the sing-song, faintly, but ever louder, from outside the main entrance, we hear a jazz orchestra, playing "HALLELUJAH!" All listen, and then rise.]

GLORY. [*Outside.*] No, I can't dance any more! I've got to think about business!

GREEN. Who's that?

WHITE. Mr. Jones' new secretary!

GREEN. Never seen her!

HAROLD. Some baby!

CLERKS. Some kid!

TYPISTS. How does she do it? Where does she get it?

[*Upon a burst of music, quickly subsiding, the doors of the main entrance are flung open, and we see a* MAID *and a* CHAUFFEUR . . . *both punctiliously uniformed. The* CHAUFFEUR *carries an attaché-case. They stand at attention. Between them, moving by means of the latest dance-step, comes the New Secretary. If you could imagine an angel with even more than* GREEN'S *sex appeal, she would be like* GLORY . . . *a floating, jazzing cloud of fair hair, and fur, and flame, and perfume. She has the face of a choir-boy, the physical innuendo of an odalisque, and the morals of a rabbit. She is expen-*

sively dressed, and wears a mink coat, which she throws aside.]

OMNES. Good morning, Glory!

GLORY. Same to you!

HAROLD. [*Presenting her with a fancy box of candy, which she passes to her maid.*] Sweets to the sweet!

GLORY. Thanks, Harold! [*The* CHAUFFEUR *gives her the attaché-case.*] Elliot, take Perkins to a Thé Dansant! I sha'n't want the car! [*They bow and depart.*]

CLERKS. *Must* have a car!

TYPISTS. *Must* have a mink coat!

[GLORY *is moving to the music.*]

BLACK. How's every little thing?

GLORY. Hotsy-Totsy! Just come from the Club Libido! Latest step . . . the Lovin' Shove! [*She demonstrates it.*]

IVY. Ain't it wu-u-underful?

GLORY. What I need is a new kick! [*She encounters* GREEN, *who has never ceased staring at her, and the sex appeals merge. The music has stopped.*]

GREEN. Hello, sweetie!

GLORY. Whose baby are you?

GREEN. Red-hot-mama's! [*They melt into an embrace that justifies the adjective.*]

IVY. [*Tells the world.*] That's *love!*

[*The lights go out, but a red glow surrounds* JONES' *desk. The chant continues. The voices of the two magnets indicate their voltage.*]

GREEN. [*Stepping into the light.*] Come here.

GLORY. [*Going to him, but holding off.*] What can you gimme?

GREEN. Love.

GLORY. Ha! ! !

GREEN. What do you want?

OMNES. [*Droning their chant in the dark.*] Millions—Billions!

GLORY. [*Provokingly close to him.*] Rings and bracelets.

GREEN. Where's the money?

MR. MONEYPENNY. [*A quiet voice in the dark.*] Right behind you.

OMNES. Millions—Billions!

GREEN. It's the boss's.

MR. MONEYPENNY. You can borrow.

GLORY. [*Opening the empty attaché-case on the desk before him.*] That's the way. We can return it.

GREEN. But he *trusts* me.

MR. MONEYPENNY. Well, what of it?

[GREEN *takes the sugar-scoop to the safe, opens the doors, fills the scoop, closes the safe, locks it, returns to the desk, but hesitates.*]

GLORY. Love and kisses.

MR. MONEYPENNY. Don't be cowards.

GREEN. Who's that talking?

[*The circle of light broadens, and takes in* MR. MONEYPENNY. *He is dressed as a circus ringmaster, but as yet his whip is hidden and he is smiling.* GREEN *closes the safe-door behind him, and locks it.*]

GLORY. Gimme! Gimme!

[MR. MONEYPENNY *puts his hand in his pocket, and there is the faintest suggestion of that musical jingle.*]

MR. MONEYPENNY. [GREEN *is pouring the coins into the attaché-case.*] Thrills! Sensation! Russian sables! Diamond chokers! Dancing! Music! Life's a minute! No hereafter! What's the diff'rence?

[*The case is full.* GLORY *lifts her lips. Again* GREEN *takes her into his arms. Abruptly, the light*

leaves them, but quivers an instant upon the smiling MR. MONEYPENNY.]

OMNES. [*In the total darkness.*] Millions—Billions! [*And then all the lights come on, disclosing a very workaday office, with everyone toiling hard and fast to the beat of the metronome.* GLORY *is going over the mail, which lies upon the closed attaché-case. She is unruffled. Only* GREEN, *in process of the discovery that remorse is the posthumous child of desire, paces about, glancing nervously at the closed eyes and the closed safe.*] Millions—Billions!

HAROLD. [*Turning at his desk, seeing the great man, and rising.*] Why, Mr. Moneypenny! Good morning, sir! I didn't see you come in.

OMNES. Good morning, Mr. Moneypenny!"

MR. MONEYPENNY. [*With empty jocularity.*] Good morning, men! [*All laugh uproariously.*]

HAROLD. [*Approaching him. Puzzled.*] I didn't hear you.

MR. MONEYPENNY. Of course not! I'm the silent partner! [*The laughter is repeated. Only* HAROLD, *still puzzled, is looking at the ringmaster's dress.*]

WHITE. Ain't he clever?

BLACK. Ain't he wu-u-underful!

HAROLD. You look . . . diff'rent.

MR. MONEYPENNY. That depends on the way you look at me. [HAROLD, *still puzzled, joins* WHITE. MR. MONEYPENNY *turns to* GLORY.] Mr. Jones come in?

GLORY. [*Busy; shakes her head.*] He's late this morning.

GREEN. [*Mopping his brow.*] I hope he won't—

MR. MONEYPENNY. [*Brutally.*] What's the matter? Ain't you happy?

GREEN. [*In agony.*] God, I—

GLORY. [*Sneering.*] What a hero!

GREEN. [*Pleading.*] Glory!

GLORY. [*Close to* MR. MONEYPENNY, *insinuatingly.*] Is there anything I can do for you, Mr. Moneypenny? [*She raises her eyes.*] I mean . . . *anything.*

MR. MONEYPENNY. [*Smiles at her appraisingly before replying.*] No, thanks, girlie. You're too cheap . . . and too expensive. [*He turns to* HAROLD, *who is returning to his desk.*]

GREEN. [*A last appeal to* GLORY.] Kid!

GLORY. Go to hell!

TYPISTS. Your order will be filled promptly.

[GREEN *goes.*]

MR. MONEYPENNY. [*To* HAROLD.] Well, my lad, what's your ambition?

HAROLD. Money!

MR. MONEYPENNY. That's the boy! What for?

HAROLD. I want to be a Sheik!

MR. MONEYPENNY. Good! Good!

[HAROLD *goes to his desk.* IRIS *joins* MR. MONEYPENNY.]

IRIS. Here's a letter. [*He takes it.*]

MR. MONEYPENNY. I see dreams in your eyes; girlish visions. What's your ideal?

IRIS. Gloria Swanson! [*She returns. During this the metronome has slowed down again, and the clerks and typists with it. As the clock's hands reach eleven, there is another eclipse . . . "THAT 11 O'CLOCK TIRED FEELING." Once more the toilers rise, and start to stretch, but, this time, suddenly,* MR. MONEYPENNY *produces a mule-whip and cracks it savagely.*]

MR. MONEYPENNY. [*Brutally, vulgarly, violently.*] Get at it! Don't we pay you? [*He cracks his whip. The placard, arrested, drops back from the face of the clock. The metronome, and the toilers resume motion, though not too rapid.*] You, White! Speed up that metronome!

WHITE. [*Physically joins* Mr. Moneypenny, *but his mind is far away.*] Sir?

MR MONEYPENNY. Hurry!

WHITE. Easy payments!

MR. MONEYPENNY. What are you talking about? System! Efficiency! Bigger and better!

WHITE. Nothing to learn! No ability needed! Double your salary!

MR. MONEYPENNY. Progress! Prosperity! Business is business!

[*The vocal wave starts, as before.*]

VIOLET. Beauty contest!

ROSE. Sheerest chiffon!

MR. MONEYPENNY. [*He checks the wave with a crack of his whip.*] No interest! Got to drive 'em! [*He cracks the whip again, and the pace is accelerated.*] Sing as you work! [*They take up the chant in the old droning undertone.*] Black, the metronome. [Black *speeds the pendulum.* White, *awakened, takes the watering-pot and sprinkles the plants in front of the desk.*] Brown! *YOU!* How's the market?

BROWN. [*At the stock-board.*] Governors steady!

MR. MONEYPENNY. What's the price of city officials?

BROWN. Open at forty! Judges below par! Congress inactive! Revenue agents bearish!

MR. MONEYPENNY. Buy ten at the market, and hold for a rise! Here! White! What are you doing?

WHITE. Watering stock. Mr. Jones' orders.

MR. MONEYPENNY. Good! Good! Don't skip "Petroleum!"

WHITE. It's dead!

MR. MONEYPENNY. Ssch! Nobody knows it! Stick your boutonniere in the pot! [WHITE *does so.* GRAY, *with his shuffle-board disc and paddle, has reached the angle beside the desk and attracts* MR. MONEYPENNY.] Well, Gray, have you cornered the market?

GRAY. Not yet.

MR. MONEYPENNY. You've failed at everything! [*Loud laughter.*]

WHITE. [*Watering.*] Isn't he wu-u-underful!

GRAY. I want to quit. [MR. MONEYPENNY *leads the laughter.*] I've saved five thousand dollars!

MR. MONEYPENNY. Now you're talking!

GRAY. I want to invest it!

[*The undertone swells; the metronome moves more quickly. Through the main doorway, we hear a fanfare of trumpets . . . a whisper of "Hail, the*

Conquering Hero" . . . but no one notices. Gray *goes on talking, though we don't hear much he says, as it doesn't matter.* Jones *has come in, and that doesn't seem to matter, either . . . to anyone but* Jones. *He is not at all the man we saw last, having achieved a rough imitation of his ideal. He is a little more pompous than* Mr. Moneypenny, *in fact; a little more domineering, when opportunity offers. Just now, it doesn't.* Jones' *grand entrance falls flat. No one observes it, and he is plainly disappointed.*]

Gray. My wife, she's terribly worried. You see, she's never had anything but hopes. She's wanted things, and she's waited for me to strike it, and now it's too late. [*He raises his voice slightly.*] Mr. Moneypenny, I love her—

Mr. Moneypenny. [*Absent-mindedly.*] Hokum!

[Jones *has removed his coat and hat and put them in a locker. He begins to feel that he* must *be noticed.*]

Jones. [*Timidly.*] Good morning, Harold!

Harold. Hey, Big Boy! Punch the time-clock!

Jones. I'm the boss!

Harold. That's why you punch it! [Jones *obeys.*] Nour an' a haf late!

JONES. [*Apologetically.*] I was here until nearly daylight. [*He puts on the relics of his importance, and struts toward* GRAY *and* MR. MONEYPENNY.]

GRAY. [*During all this.*] I've given my life to you. That doesn't matter. What matters is what happens to *her.*

MR. MONEYPENNY. [*Hears the step behind him, and turns.*] Hello, Jones! You're late!

JONES. [*The relics fall from him.*] Yes, sir.

MR. MONEYPENNY. Won't do! [JONES *starts to say he was here until daylight, but nobody cares.*] Gray, here's got $5000. Wants to invest it. I tell him he ought to get 12%.

GRAY. Or thirteen.

JONES. [*With a flash of conscience.*] Oh, *say*—

MR. MONEYPENNY. "Dry Petroleum." That's what *you* say!

JONES. [*Meekly.*] "Dry Petroleum."

MR. MONEYPENNY. Where's the money? [GRAY *produces a sock.*] Good! Give it to Jones! [*He does so.*] Now, then, go home and worry! We don't want you! You're too old!

GRAY. I'm only forty!

MR. MONEYPENNY. You're fired!

JONES. [*Remonstrating.*] *Say*—

MR. MONEYPENNY. [*To* JONES.] Say *nothing!* [*To* GRAY.] We've broke you! What's the diff'rence?

OMNES. Millions—Billions!

GRAY. I've been cheated!

MR. MONEYPENNY. Cheated of *what?*

GRAY. Youth! Love! Life! Laughter! All the things that really matter!

MR. MONEYPENNY. Bunk and hokum!

GRAY. God damn you! [*He lifts his shuffle-board paddle to strike.* MR. MONEYPENNY *jingles the coins in his pocket; we hear their thin music. The paddle is lowered.* MR. MONEYPENNY *starts to laugh.*] No! No! I didn't mean it! You're my friend . . . my benefactor. [*He starts for the door to Department A 9 Z 623.*] You've promised millions—billions! [*The chorus takes up the chant mockingly.*] I can make it! I can make it! [*As he closes the door behind him, the chant turns into shrieks of derisive laughter.*]

WHITE. [*To* MR. MONEYPENNY.] Throw him out?

MR. MONEYPENNY. What's the use? He's finished.

CLERKS. [*Of* MR. MONEYPENNY; *in awed chorus.*] Great man!

TYPISTS. In conclusion . . .

JONES. [*Holding the sock; not very happily.*] What do we do with this?

MR. MONEYPENNY. Foreign missions! [*He takes his place behind the tall carved chair.*]

GLORY. [*As* JONES *moves to sit in it.*] Morning paper?

JONES. [*Waving away the proffered sheet.*] I've seen it. "Robbery. Murder." I can't understand this contempt of law! [*He gives her the sock.*] Here, Glory! Foreign missions! Get a receipt!

MR. MONEYPENNY. [*From behind him.*] And phone the press!

JONES. [*To* GLORY.] "Jones' Gift to Foreign Missions." [*All the apparatus on the desk is coming to life. The buzzers buzz. The phones ring. The writing machine writes. This is the more interesting because, as* JONES' *private metronome grows more feverish, its big brother is slowing down. The hands of the clock are approaching "one." Another eclipse . . . "LUNCH-TIME." . . . is beginning. The clerks have abandoned their labors for field glasses, with which they are watching the clock.*] What's doing?

GLORY. [*Giving him huge bundles.*] Contracts. Statements.

MR. MONEYPENNY. More! More!

GLORY. [*Heaping the desk.*] Bids. Estimates. Trial balance.

JONES. Have I got to look at 'em all?

GLORY. Before night!

JONES. [*In a fever of activity, he has regained importance and happiness. If he is a bit tired, and his mind wanders, he doesn't know it.*] This is the life!! [*As the lunch hour has become more imminent, all other pretense of toil has been abandoned.* WHITE *stands with his hand upon the whistle cord. Without waiting for him, the* TYPISTS *are making-up, and putting on their things. The* CLERKS *are taking golf clubs and motoring togs from the lockers. At last, they crowd to the door, as impatient horses gather at the starting post. Obviously, what* JONES *does and says during all this is unimportant; but, as he doesn't suspect it, he continues doing and saying everything possible. Finally, the whistle blows, loudly, and two seconds later, the stage is vacant, except for the trio at the desk, of whom only one . . . the lady . . . has been aware of the sound; and, also, except for* HAROLD, *who is lost in the study of art, and* IVY, *who is preparing to use the phone. In the obliviousness mentioned,* JONES *rattles on.*] Millions! Billions! Yours received and contents noted! Accounts and time sheet! Memorandum of agreement! Entered into! Corporation! Whereas! Hereinafter designated! Now, there-

fore . . . [*His thoughts are straying.*] . . . in consideration of one speckled trout . . .

MR. MONEYPENNY. [*Hauling him up.*] By these presents!

JONES. [*Responding only momentarily.*] Have agreed, and do hereby. . . . Sic 'im, Coolidge! Gee, David; see that woodchuck!

GLORY. Mr. Jones.

JONES. [*Slowly returning.*] Yes?

GLORY. Didn't you hear the whistle?

JONES. Hear the . . . ? Oh, yes. You're new. Not accustomed. You see, I'm the boss. I don't hear whistles.

IVY. [*Into phone.*] Saturnalia seven-seven-two-eight.

JONES. Besides, my dear, this is Get-Rich-Quick Week.

GLORY. I'm hungry.

JONES. [*Identifying a vague sensation.*] So'm I. [*Calls.*] Say . . . Harold!

IVY. [*As* HAROLD *slouches across the room.*] Hello, Cholly! Say, lissen! Where'l'ya meet me?

JONES. [*To* HAROLD.] Run over to the Automat!

IVY. [*As before.*] Why not the Savoy-Plaza?

JONES. Get me a cup o' cocoa.

IVY. Only got two hours for feedin'. Oodle-oo, and make it snappy! [*She collects her impedimenta and departs.*]

JONES. Here's $10. Now, beat it! [HAROLD *beats it—adagio. To* GLORY.] I won't keep you a minute. Got a list of my appointments?

GLORY. [*Giving him a long sheet.*] Up to midnight.

JONES. [*Inspecting it.*] Um! "G. Gettit. See Molly." Who's Molly?

GLORY. Your daughter. She wrote for an appointment.

JONES. Oh, yes. I thought the "see" was an initial. "C. Molly."

MR. MONEYPENNY. I wouldn't see her.

JONES. Why not?

MR. MONEYPENNY. She wants to marry that damned fool Professor!

JONES. Oh, well . . . [*He senses disapproval.*] What I mean is, he's not *altogether* a fool. He used to talk of going into business!

MR. MONEYPENNY. Nothing doing! [*To* GLORY.] Take a letter!

JONES. All right! [*Dictating to* GLORY.] Molly Jones.

Dear Madam. That is, Dearest Daughter: Yours received. What I mean is, regret . . .

MR. MONEYPENNY. Pressure of business.

JONES. Hoping we may be able to do something for you in the future . . .

MR. MONEYPENNY. We are . . .

JONES. Your loving father, John Jones!

THE TELEPHONE AMPLIFIER. Mr. Tinker!

MR. MONEYPENNY. Better see him!

JONES. Why? He's just one of those idiots that *produces* things—vegetables, or, anyhow, *works*—if you know what I mean.

MR. MONEYPENNY. Tinker's invented a valuable machine.

JONES. Machine?

MR. MONEYPENNY. For standardizing men and women. You put in your model, set the dial at "Merchant" or "Doctor," and grind out thousands of merchants or doctors, all exactly alike, and all opposed to everyone different!

JONES. [*To the Amplifier.*] Saturday at two. [*The activity of the desk instruments becomes frantic.* JONES *is talking into telephones, Dictaphones, Microphones*

and the Amplifier.] Nour too early . . . Not in . . . Say busy . . . Remind me to . . . [*To* Glory; *in an ecstasy.*] Isn't it wu-u-underful . . . human progress? Just beginning to be civilized! [*She looks at her diamond wrist-watch.*] All right! Where's the mail? [*She reveals two bundles on the desk.*] All mine? [Harold *re-appears.*]

Glory. [*Indicating the smaller bundle.*] Important.

Jones. I'll say I am! Somebody! Success and all the trimmings!

Harold. Here's your dinner! [*Deposits it, and disappears.*]

Jones. Who says money don't buy happiness? Power an' push buttons! [*Examines his luncheon. Delighted.*] Cold mutton! Hot cocoa! [Glory *has given him a letter. He bites a sandwich and reads.*] "Mr. John Jones. Jones & Co. 60 Gold St. New York. Dear John: Gimme—gimme! Gimme—gimme—gimme—gimme! Your old college chum, Bill." [*To* Glory.] Form letter D.11. [*She gives him another.*] "John Jones. Dear Sir: Gimme—gimme! Gimme—gimme—gimme—gimme! Expectantly, The Over-Organized Charities." [*To* Glory.] I've seen that one before! [*She gives him a third.*] "Mr. John Jones. Dear Friend. Gimme—gimme . . ." [*To* Glory.] Are they all like that? [*She nods.*] You'd better skip off to luncheon. Make it zippy!

GLORY. [*Rises.*] You said it! [*She reaches for her attaché-case, buried in papers.*]

MR. MONEYPENNY. [*As she touches it. Prompting.*] What's that?

JONES. [*To* GLORY.] What's that?

GLORY. My brief bag.

MR. MONEYPENNY. [*Prompting.*] No. [*She glares at him.*]

JONES. [*Kindly but firmly.*] Not on your life! I won't have you working at luncheon! Put it down! [*She relinquishes the bag slowly.*] Now, run along! [*Reluctantly, she starts; then changes her mind and darts around back of the metronome. Meanwhile* JONES, *with his mouth full, is reading selections from the "unimportant" bundle.*] "John Jones . . . Audit income tax of 1884." [*Another.*] "John Jones: Income tax . . . '92 . . . call and explain what you did with that quarter!" [*Into Dictaphone.*] Bureau of Infernal Nuisance . . .

[MR. MONEYPENNY *has been watching* GLORY. *As she vanishes, he jingles his coins.* JONES *looks up. Everything on his desk stops. A sudden silence.*]

MR. MONEYPENNY. Nice girl—Glory!

JONES. [*Indifferently; about to continue with the Dictaphone.*] Hadn't noticed.

MR. MONEYPENNY. [*Insinuating and persistent.*] I told you . . . money buys everything.

JONES. [*The one subject on which he can be emphatic.*] And I told *you* I don't want nobody but Carrie!

MR. MONEYPENNY. Nowadays, when anything gets old, you trade it in for a new model. [*Enticingly; outlining* GLORY.] Something speedy—with stream lines!

JONES. Not in my family! [MR. MONEYPENNY *comes around the desk.*] I'd rather have the Professor! [*Atoning.*] Cup o' cocoa? [MR. MONEYPENNY *ignores the invitation.*] Gee, it's great—eat while you work! [*Doing so, he picks up a letter; but is uneasily conscious of* MR. MONEYPENNY.] I'm worried about Junior.

MR. MONEYPENNY. At college?

JONES. Not often! [*Timidly.*] You know—sometimes—I think Junior gets too much money. When *I* was a boy . . .

MR. MONEYPENNY. But David . . . ?

JONES. [*Now we have touched the Achillean heel.*] David! . . . That's different! I knew what would happen if *he* got a start! [*Bursting with pride.*] David's just about all there is to pickles! [MR. MONEYPENNY *indulges in one of his minor jingles.*]

Talking of pickles . . . I'm *in* one! I've got to make more money!

MR. MONEYPENNY. The safe's full!

JONES. [*Opens it: In place of the heaps of coin we saw before are serried rows of papers.*] Full of bills! High cost of living! [*He closes the door and returns to his seat.*] When I worked for the bank, I saved $300 a year, but I can't do it now!

[*There is a high-light on the desk.* MR. MONEYPENNY *sits. The two men lean forward. The atmosphere of big business.*]

MR. MONEYPENNY. [*With profound significance.*] Pickles.

JONES. I beg pardon.

MR. MONEYPENNY. [*The Master Mind making a revelation.*] Pickles in the Kingdom of Gluttony. David's firm's got a monopoly on pickles in Gluttony!

JONES. Yes, and the Gluttons love pickles!

MR. MONEYPENNY. Exactly! David's got contracts with the pickle-jobbers. They sell to the wholesalers, and *they* sell to commission merchants, and *they* sell to retailers. Every pickle goes through forty hands, and every hand has to drive an automobile. Result—pickles so high the consumer can't buy 'em!

JONES. Right!

MR. MONEYPENNY. So my plan is to eliminate the middleman!

JONES. What?!!

MR. MONEYPENNY. Pickles direct from maker to wearer!

JONES. [*Dubiously.*] Mmm!

MR. MONEYPENNY. Millions in it!

JONES. Where do I come in?

MR. MONEYPENNY. I'll show you that later. Meanwhile . . .

JONES. *Meanwhile,* David's got contracts.

MR. MONEYPENNY. Scraps of paper!

JONES. [*Proudly.*] David won't do that! He's honest!

[*Her eyes upon the attaché-case,* GLORY *slinks on from behind the metronome's right end.*]

MR. MONEYPENNY. [*Staring at her.*] That might be fixed.

JONES. Not with *David!*

MR. MONEYPENNY. Cherchez la femme.

JONES. [*Referring to the phrase.*] Who's *that?*

MR. MONEYPENNY. The world's best fixer. [*Rising.*] Yes, Glory?

JONES. [*Seeing her. Impatiently.*] I'm in a conference!

GLORY. [*Doggedly. Reaches.*] I want my bag!

JONES. Oh, for heaven's sake . . . [*He picks it up.*] What you got in it? Pig iron? [*She reaches violently. He opens it.*] MONEY!!

GLORY. *My* money!

JONES. My *God!* You're a thief!

[DAVID *comes through the main entrance—a fine, vigorous, upstanding young man.*]

MR. MONEYPENNY. Easy! Easy! What of it? No one knows it! All do it! Must have it! What's the diff'rence how you get it? . . . HERE'S DAVID!

JONES. [*Preoccupied.*] Hello, David! [*As* GLORY *and* GREEN *stared at each other, so do* GLORY *and* DAVID.] What's the matter?

DAVID. [*Approaching her.*] You're beautiful!

GLORY. [*Approaching him.*] You're rich! [*They meet in the center of the room.*]

JONES. [*Starting to intervene.*] David!!! [MR. MONEYPENNY *arrests him.*]

DAVID. [*Raptly.*] I never saw anything like you—so wise and good! [*Her eyes are full of intoxicating flattery.*] I want to be loved for myself alone!

GLORY. [*Angelically.*] "For myself alone." That's the only way I ever loved anybody! [*They clinch, with a passion compared to which* GLORY's *earlier demonstration was Polar.*]

JONES. [*In anguish.*] David!

MR. MONEYPENNY. He can't hear you!

JONES. Can't he *see* . . . ?!!!

MR. MONEYPENNY. He doesn't see the same thing we do!

JONES. [*Rushing to the desk.*] Then I'll show him! [*Indicating the attaché-case.*] Look, David! Look what's in it! [*He fills his hands with the coins, and is about to let them trickle through, with a sound that* must *attract attention. But* MR. MONEYPENNY *is at his ear.*]

MR. MONEYPENNY. [*Checking him.*] *Millions* in it! Millions—Billions! No more worries! He'll break contracts! *Then* I'll show you! Millions—Billions! Billions —Millions!

[*Their arms about each other,* GLORY *and* DAVID *are walking off to the rhythm.* JONES *is supine. But, as they reach the door, he cries out.*]

JONES. *David!* DAVID!!!

DAVID. [*He hears—and turns.*] Yes, father?

JONES. [*To* DAVID; *taking up the chant.*] Millions—Billions! Billions—Millions! [*To the rhythm, they disappear through the doors. The lights, which have been growing dimmer, fade out . . . and, with them, the rhythmic chant. In the darkness, suddenly, we hear* JONES' *voice, in belated, repentant agony.*] David! David! Don't you do it!

MR. MONEYPENNY. [*Very quietly; in the darkness.*] More money.

JONES. [*Weakly.*] David . . .

MR. MONEYPENNY. Thou shalt have no other gods. [*And then we begin to hear the things on* JONES' *desk —an undertone, but a crescendo, always topped by* THE MASTER'S *voice.*] Success! Power! Progress! Prosperity! Business is Business!

[*And then everything is checked by a sharp rap. The lights go up—suddenly, brilliantly—and we see exactly what we saw in the beginning—except that now, also, we see* JONES, *standing at attention, and that all the typists and clerks, including the gold-diggers and their guard, are in place, but not working . . . silent, watchful, like a choir awaiting the baton. In front of them, and in front of a music rack in the center of the stage—a rack in the shape of a golden lyre, with a dollar-mark across its strings—stands* MR. MONEYPENNY, *in the dress of an orchestra leader. Instead of music, upon*

the rack is a ledger. Mr. Moneypenny's *hands are raised, like those of a conductor, waiting to begin. He is using the end of his whip as a baton. It was with this that he produced that first rap. The big metronome is still. So is everything else.* Mr. Moneypenny *raps again—sharply.*]

THE TENORS. [*Tentatively.*] Millions—Billions!

THE SOPRANI. Billions—Millions!

[Mr. Moneypenny, *who has been listening, indulging himself in the picturesque gestures of a popular conductor, suddenly begins to wave the time—and the metronome starts with him. Its little brother follows suit, and with it tickers, telephones, desk instruments—everything on the stage joins in the roaring refrain.* Jones *is a whole-hearted part of the lusty chorus—perhaps the most whole-hearted. Master of all he surveys,* Mr. Moneypenny *swings his baton, setting the tempo, listening to the music.*]

EVERYBODY AND EVERYTHING. Millions—Billions! Billions—Millions!

The Curtain Falls

THE END OF ACT I

[*The music of the following entr'acte is from "Hit the Deck" with special emphasis upon its principal song, "HALLELUJAH."*]

ACT II

Scene 1

SACRAMENT

Close to the footlights, high-lighted in front of a black drapery, sets a wedding cake. It is the most elaborate and expensive of wedding cakes—frosted, of course, and bearing a little temple, with a bell of flowers. From this descend streamers of tinsel and ticker-tape. In miniature, you may view the scene in any confectioner's window.

[*At rise of the Curtain.*] *Before the curtain lifts, there is a burst of music—the wedding march from "Lohengrin"—in jazz-time. As the scene is revealed, this music dies down to a barely-audible murmur, but continues, a tone-background of varying obtrusiveness, throughout the ceremony. However, this is not what, in lighter entertainments, is called a "jazz wedding." The principals are unaware of the tempo, and unaffected by it.*

These principals are three—all dressed in strict conformity to the figures on the cake in the confectioner's

window. On your left—that is, at the right of the group—stands DAVID. *On your right is* GLORY. *Between them, garbed as a wedding-cake clergyman, is* MR. MONEYPENNY. *There is a solemn pause, in which we ourselves are not aware of the music.*

MR. MONEYPENNY. Dearly beloved, we are gathered together to see Nature's little mousetrap close upon another victim. The bait is that old, old cheese, called Sex. Of course, it is not so recognized by this victim. He calls it . . .

DAVID. [*In an ecstatic trance.*] . . . Love, romance, the tender passion!

MR. MONEYPENNY. On her part, this woman knows . . .

GLORY. [*Seeing a vision.*] . . . What makes men want you.

MR. MONEYPENNY. And so . . .

GLORY. [*Continuing.*] Fishnet lace and sensuous fragrance.

MR. MONEYPENNY. [*Also continuing.*] . . . I charge you both, as ye will answer at the dreadful day of judgment, the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God!

DAVID. I'm so happy!

GLORY. [*Dreamily, voluptuously.*] Silk and satin, moiré, velvet. Two-tone beige and golden zephyr!

DAVID. [*With rising rapture.*] Kisses, thrills and warm caresses!

GLORY. [*Faster and more fervently.*] Mink and ermine, fox, chinchilla!

DAVID. [*Mounting to a climax.*] Soft arms that cling and crush you!

GLORY. [*Approaching the same climax.*] Jade and coral, em'ralds, diamonds. Rubies, opals, and star-sapphires. Drecoll, Callot and Paul Poiret!

MR. MONEYPENNY. [*Arriving.*] All joined in Holy Matrimony . . . And be ye well assured that if any persons are joined otherwise, their marriage is not awful! [*A pause.*] Let's go!! [*The hidden orchestra bursts into "O, Promise Me" in jazz time, and then subsides.*] Now, whereas, and this indenture . . .

DAVID. Just to touch her!

MR. MONEYPENNY. . . . Witnesseth that, in consideration of kisses, thrills and warm caresses . . .

DAVID. Soft arms . . .

MR. MONEYPENNY. . . . You, David, give, release, convey, devise . . .

GLORY. . . . Assign and bequeath . . .

DAVID. . . . All my property, real and personal . . .

MR. MONEYPENNY. . . . Friends and freedom, peace, ambition; these you give in fee simple?

DAVID. I do.

MR. MONEYPENNY. You agree to work and worry, love, comfort and keep her in a style to which she never was accustomed?

DAVID. I do.

[*The orchestra softly plays, "My Heart At Thy Sweet Voice."*]

MR. MONEYPENNY. And you, Glory, do you promise to take all this man has . . . ?

GLORY. [*Fervently.*] I do.

MR. MONEYPENNY. Wilt thou obey and serve him?

GLORY. What?!!

MR. MONEYPENNY. Be his partner and companion?

GLORY. Say, what are you reading—"Ancient Customs"?

MR. MONEYPENNY. My error! [*He takes another book.*] Do you promise no cooking, no home, no babies?

GLORY. I do.

MR. MONEYPENNY. To spend your time at shops and movies, playing bridge and planning parties? Dinner from the Delicatessen?

GLORY. I do.

MR. MONEYPENNY. Who gives this woman away?

MALE CHORUS. [*From the orchestra pit.*] I do!

GLORY. Let's dance!

MR. MONEYPENNY. Not yet. [*To* DAVID, *giving him the book.*] You say . . .

DAVID. I take thee, Glory, to have and to hold, while you're young and attractive; to cuddle and cherish 'till debt do us part.

[MR. MONEYPENNY *gives* GLORY *the book.*]

GLORY. I take thee, David, for better and better, and richer and richer, and all your rents, issues, rights and titles. [*The orchestra bursts into "Yes, Sir, She's My Baby" and subsides.* MR. MONEYPENNY *produces a pair of diamond bracelets, linked together in the form of handcuffs, and gives them to* GLORY.] With this ring I thee wed.

[*The music swells.*]

[MR. MONEYPENNY *places one bracelet upon the wrist of each, locks them and solemnly gives the key to* GLORY.]

MR. MONEYPENNY. Whom I have joined let any judge put asunder! I pronounce thee man and wife, and further, I require and charge you both one thousand dollars. [DAVID *hands it to him.*]

THE CHORUS. [*From the orchestra pit.*] Kiss the bride!

[MR. MONEYPENNY *does so, passionately. An impressive silence.*]

DAVID. [*Rapturously.*] Oh, Glory, now we're married, haven't you anything to say to me? [*She hangs her head, in maiden modesty, and shakes it.*] Just one word? [*She nods.*] What is it?

GLORY. [*Screams.*] GIMME! GIMME!!!

[DAVID, *delighted, shells out.* MR. MONEYPENNY *laughs. The orchestra bursts into "HALLELUJAH." The lights go out upon the happy scene.*]

Scene 2

HOME

Luxury plus. Another apotheosis. A Park Avenue apartment in Paradise. Everything is gold, or golden, except for tasteful touches of what MR. JONES *once called "Tarara marble." The gold-covered walls are broken by occasional niches, in which are busts of the household gods . . . Lares and Penates, in the shape of Morgan, Rockefeller and Henry Ford, all in white marble with their names in gold. The pictures are huge and attractive enlargements of checks and thousand-dollar bills.*

At your left, the wall rakes onto the stage, and then ascends more abruptly, this conspicuous section being pierced by a great door, the entrance to this duplex apartment. Above that is a mantel and, on your left, in the rear wall, a marble fountain, with a golden-calf's-head as the source of the water, and goldfish swimming in a glass-enclosed basin. On your right, in this wall, a great arched opening, flanked by twisted marble pillars, through which we view broad stairs, descending from your left. Near the footlights, in the wall on your right, high-lighted and plainly visi-

ble, an alcove music room and library. Herein are shelves of ledgers and checkbooks. Upon a platform sets a flat table, with an adding machine, behind which a chair, and beside which a ticker and a smaller table with a telephone. Still nearer the footlights, another door. Left of the center of the room is the dining table we are to see later, concealed now behind a magnificent screen. All this must be so arranged as not to hide the principal entrance, the fountain, the arched stairway, or the music room and library.

In front of the screen are two luxurious couches, exactly alike, set opposite each other, in a rough triangle, unjoined at the top, and with its base near the footlights. At its apex is a golden ticker, and a table on which two telephones are covered by dolls.

The essential furniture includes an expensive bassinet, and a small gold writing desk with extravagant fixtures, and a desk-pad calendar. There are a mechanical piano, ivory and gold, bearing the Winged Victory; a radio whose horn is concealed in a cabinet pretending to be almost anything it is not; a similarly deceitful phonograph, and a motion-picture projecting machine, which, in action, casts its shadows upon a silver sheet rolled down from the top of the archway.

There is far more non-essential furniture. In fact, without looking like a junk-shop, the room represents an embarrassment of riches. There is too much of everything, and most of it of no possible use to anybody.

Especially, there are the toys in favor at the moment . . . fantastic dolls and similar superfluities. Everyone who comes into the place displays personal toys—jewelled cigarette holders, lighters, champagne-stirrers, vanity cases, the impedimenta that clutter shop windows in those three streets of which Arnold Bennett wrote somewhere . . . perhaps in "The Glimpse" . . . that they contained nothing anyone needed—Bond Street, Fifth Avenue and the Rue de la Paix. From one of the gold chairs, its cover hanging down conspicuously, is another copy of the magazine we caught Ivy *reading—"Smutty Stories." There are lamps, vases, golden ships and sundry gimcracks whose very names, let alone their purpose—if any—are unknown to most of us, but all described in the advertising pages of an hundred periodical temptations, like Vogue and The House Beautiful. As many of these things, in fact, as can be assembled without suggesting the aforesaid junk-shop. The outstanding rug lies between our divans—a bear skin, or a tiger skin, the head towards us, the face indicating that its owner laughed himself to death in this room and was transfixed in dying.*

There are no windows, and no flowers—unless we except a bowl of orchids. There is no painful ugliness, and no poignant beauty . . . nothing to suggest interest in, or understanding of, or desire for things of the mind and spirit. This is a room Monty Brewster

might have furnished in the last hour of that too-short time allowed for the spending of his millions. As was true of the office, there never was a home like this, but many of our best people would like one, and we are coming to it.

[*At rise of the Curtain.*] *In the darkness, the orchestra fades away, and its "Hallelujah" is taken up deafeningly by the phonograph, the radio and the mechanical piano, soon to be ocularly revealed.* EPH *is the inquisitor attending these instruments of torture. In fact, the lights, coming up, enable us to catch him in the act of inciting the two last-mentioned to aid and abet the first. To the rhythm of the uproar, a procession of smaller, but similarly uniformed page-boys passes from the open door on your left through the archway above—a procession carrying hat boxes, dress boxes, jewel boxes, etc., all wrapped, and all bearing the names of expensive shops. As more important action gets under way, this procession slows down, and the marchers become more infrequent, until, almost without our knowing it, the parade is over.* QUEUE, *a uniformed valet, with powdered hair, sprawls upon one couch, with his feet upon the other. He is smoking a large cigar, and his hands, covered with expensive rings, are busy with the cards in a small card index.*

When the curtain is well up, JUNIOR *enters through the door on your right—unnoticed by the valet, and*

not seeing him. Junior *is a college-boy now, with plus-fours, and a sweater upon the breast of which, proudly displayed, are the letters, N. G. Suspended from his shoulder is a gold saxophone, and he carries a copy of those same Art Studies that absorbed* Harold. *In spite of these advertisements and disadvantages—in spite of marked changes in the boy himself—we are tempted to like him still—the more especially when he is that way. He is young and breezy, and we gather that he has kicked over a good many of the outworn fetishes of an earlier generation, now put where it belongs.*

JUNIOR. [*Calling as he bounds into view.*] Mom! Mom! . . . Jay! Kay! [*To the* Page-boy.] Eph! Stop that damned racket!

EPH. The phonograph? Can't! Madam's orders!

JUNIOR. Well, then, stop the rest of it! [*The boy obeys.*] Where *is* the old girl? [*Calling through the archway.*] MOM!

CARRIE. [*Upstairs.*] Yes?

JUNIOR. Where the hell *are* you?

CARRIE. [*As before.*] Coming!

JUNIOR. Where's my valet? [Eph *points him out.*] Well, I'm damned!

QUEUE. [*Democratically.*] Hello, Junior!

JUNIOR. What are *you* doing?

QUEUE. Indexing your sport clothes. You've worn the coon-skin coat *twice*. And you *must* have a new roadster. The Hispano doesn't match your purple blazer!

JUNIOR. [*Producing an enormous roll of bills, and giving him a handful.*] Go get it.

[QUEUE *disappears and, taking his place,* JUNIOR *blows a few agonizing sounds out of the saxophone.* CARRIE *bustles on—a woman of 50; all the pleasant things we have heard about her concealed beneath an ermine-trimmed house-dress, an egregious make-up, and jewels enough to deck a chandelier. She carries an over-fed "Peke," equally over-dressed.*]

CARRIE. Hello, Junior! *Must* you do that? [*Calling.*] Bee! See! [*A liveried servant appears on either side of her. To one, she gives the dog.*] Baby wants to go out! [BEE *vanishes. To the other.*] Get Miss Dee! [SEE *vanishes.*] Eph, turn on the movies! [*While he is lowering the screen, she continues.*] Junior, when you want to practice, I *do* wish you'd go into your father's music room! [*She indicates the alcove, still high-lighted, though the other lights are dimmed now, and we are treated to a custard-pie moment in a movie.*]

JUNIOR. Where *is* father?

CARRIE. I haven't seen him since David's wedding.

JUNIOR. But this is New Year's Eve!

CARRIE. So it is! [*She goes to her desk, brilliant in the light from the alcove, and picks up the pad-calendar.*] What am I doing today? Nothing! [*With each word, she tears off and destroys a page.*] Tomorrow! Tuesday! Wednesday!

JUNIOR. Hey, Cutie, that's your calendar! [*She tosses it into the waste-basket.*] You've thrown away a whole year!

CARRIE. What's the difference? Stop that picture! [EPH *obeys.*] I'm bored! I'm wretched! I'm a sick woman! I *must* have an operation! . . . What do you want of your father?

JUNIOR. *Must* have—

CARRIE. Of course! Your father never thinks of those things!

[*To a phonograph forte, enter* MISS DEE. *She is lavishly dressed, but strangely resembles* VIOLET, *the typist. You would swear they were the same girl. And she is chewing gum.*]

MISS DEE. Madam.

CARRIE. [*Introducing her to* JUNIOR.] Miss Dee, my new amanuensis.

JUNIOR. [*Appraising her.*] Hello, baby!

MISS DEE. Tonight's the swell function!

CARRIE. Has anyone thought of the dinner?

MISS DEE. We're sending around to the Delicatessen!

JUNIOR. How about hootch?

MISS DEE. The bootlegger's social secretary was here yesterday. He's shipping a truck-load as soon as he can get police to guard it!

CARRIE. Got an orchestra? [MISS DEE *nods.*] We *must* have music . . . to drown out the conversation. Who's coming?

MISS DEE. [*Giving her a list.*] All friends of Mr. Moneypenny.

CARRIE. I don't like it!

MISS DEE. They're the best people!

JUNIOR. I thought you adored Mr. Moneypenny!

CARRIE. I did once, but I'm beginning to suspect he's not all he seems.

MISS DEE. That's blasphemy!

CARRIE. [*To* MISS DEE.] Who worded the invitations?

MISS DEE. The Western Union.

JUNIOR. [*Rebuking his mother's ignorance.*] Nobody tries to think of anything himself any more. You

get *forms*—ready-made . . . loving thoughts for birthdays, holidays, or formal occasions!

MISS DEE. About seating?

CARRIE. The old question of who's who. Give me Dun and Bradstreet's Social Register. [MISS DEE *obeys.*] "L. C. de Lays. Four million." A perfect *nobody!* "V. Rich. Fourteen million." Quite distinguished! "A. Black Smudge. One billion." *On my right!* That's all! [MISS DEE *starts to go.*] Unless . . . [*She halts.*] Oh, yes! Has anyone remembered to ask Mr. Jones?

MISS DEE. Mister *who?*

CARRIE. John Jones.

JUNIOR. [*At the same time.*] My father.

MISS DEE. [*Honestly and innocently.*] I didn't know you had one.

CARRIE. Miss Dee!

MISS DEE. There's a man named Jones waiting at the Servants' Entrance. He brought this letter. [*She gives it to* CARRIE.]

JUNIOR. [*To* MISS DEE.] Seems to belong here? [*She shakes her head.*] It's *him!*

CARRIE. [*Reads.*] "Dear Family: This will present my old friend, your husband and father, Johnny Jones . . ."

JUNIOR. Johnny? ? ?

CARRIE. Did *I* say "Johnny"? That's funny. I used to have a sweetheart named Johnny Jones. [*Looks at letter.*] "*John* Jones." That's my husband. Send him in.

JUNIOR. Back-number, but a good old scout!

CARRIE. And send the "Peke"! Mr. Jones *loves* dogs! [MISS DEE *goes through the main entrance.*] Eph, wind the phonograph and put on "Hail, the Conquering Hero." Mr. Jones loves *that,* too! Tune in the radio! Quick, Junior; toot the saxophone! We *must* make your father feel at home!

[*A tremendous din. The principal doors are thrown open and there is a line-up of liveried servants, including* BEE *and* SEE.]

BEE. [*To* SEE, *in a lull.*] Got the bills?

SEE. What? ? ?

BEE. *Bills,* you fat-head! First of the month! [*Each of the servants produces a stack. The music swells and dies down.* BEE *announces.*] Mr. John Jones!

SEE. The poor boob!

[JONES *enters. He looks old and haggard. He carries three fat brief-bags . . . one in each hand, and one under his arm. The servants offer him the slips, after the manner of street-boys distributing*

handbills. They fall to the floor. The servants throw them in the air. It rains bills. Jones *staggers. No one helps him.*]

JUNIOR. [*Rushing to him—arms out—in affectionate greeting.*] Gimme! Gimme!

JONES. [*Weakly.*] After 'while. [*To the beat of "Hail, the Conquering Hero," he struggles through to* Carrie.] Carrie, help me.

CARRIE. Where've you been? Out every day, I suppose, lunching with your stenographer! [Jones *looks at her, and proceeds wearily. She follows.*] Where are you going?

JONES. To the music room. [*He does, sitting at the adding machine as a tired virtuoso might sit at a piano, and touching the keys. The servants have disappeared.*]

CARRIE. [*At the alcove.*] You never think of me! The car's no good! The flat's not big enough! The chauffeur insulted me! [*Obviously,* Jones *is not thinking of her now, but of his music. Her words begin to be unintelligible to him.*] Blah, blub, blah, blah! Diddle, daddle, fiddle, faddle!

JONES. [*At his instrument.*] Six, two, seven, nine!

CARRIE. Diddle, daddle, fiddle, faddle, sixty dollars! [*At the last two words, he glances up momentarily.* They

have meaning. But she resumes . . . and so does he.] Diddle, daddle, fiddle, faddle! Blah, blah, blah, blah! [*To* JUNIOR.] Junior, see if he'll listen to you!

JUNIOR. [*Going to the alcove.*] Blah, blah, blah, blah!

TOGETHER. Diddle, daddle, fiddle, faddle, blah, blah, blah, blah! [*They look at him. He is unaware of them. He rises and takes down a ledger. Then they look at each other, and continue desperately.*] Derry, kerry, very, merry, blah, blah, blah, blah!

CARRIE. Need money!

JUNIOR. Gimme! Gimme! [*Familiar sounds reaching his ears at last,* JONES *produces yellow backs and gives them.*]

TOGETHER. [*By way thanks.*] Blah, blah, blah, blah!

[JONES *steps down from the alcove.*]

[*As he passes her,* CARRIE *kisses the air, but, of course, he is not conscious of it. He takes his book to one of the couches.*]

CARRIE. [*To* JUNIOR.] He hasn't understood a thing! I might as well have been saying "Blah, blah, blah, blah!"

JUNIOR. What's he reading?

JONES. Three million . . .

CARRIE. One of his bank-books!

JONES. . . . Seven hundred and nine thousand. [*The ticker clicks, and he looks at the tape.*] Ninety-two and three fourths!

BEE. [*Appearing at the left door.*] Hudson Tunnels 'way down!

SEE. [*At the right door.*] Pneumatic elevator going up! [*They disappear. The phone rings.*]

JONES. [*Into phone.*] Sell the common!

CARRIE. [*Close to him; in a desperate effort.*] Johnny!

JONES. [*This word, too, is vaguely familiar. He looks up.*] Where's David?

CARRIE. At work, but here's Junior, home from college. Can't you ask what he's learning?

JONES. [*Dutifully; seeing him for the first time.*] Hello, Junior! What are you learning?

JUNIOR. Girls, petting, the Black Bottom, football, the saxophone, and synthetic gin. [*Currying favor.*] Some day I'll take a post-graduate course in making money!

JONES. Great thing, education! [*Turns to his book.*] Profit, loss, and bought on margins! Seven, 'leven, forty-four! [*Suddenly.*] I'm tired!

CARRIE. [*To* JUNIOR.] Mr. Moneypenny's killing your father! [JONES *is muttering figures.*]

JUNIOR. Too bad! I'm sorry! [*Looks at his wrist-watch.*] Well, s'long! I've got to study! [*As he reaches the door,* BEE *appears with the "Peke," which* JUNIOR *passes on to his mother.* BEE *exits.*] Here's your Baby. Toodle-oo! [*He departs.*]

JONES. [*Holding his head.*] Can't think. [CARRIE *signals* EPH, *who stops the music, and leaves us.*] Sick of the treadmill. Like to quit and go fishing!

CARRIE. [*Trying to please him. Shows the dog.*] So'd Baby!

JONES. That mutt!

CARRIE. Mutt? ? ! ! He cost a thousand dollars! [*She lays* BABY *in his bassinet.*]

JONES. Don't *you* miss anything, Carrie?

CARRIE. [*She nods.*] My little worries.

JONES. [*He nods.*] That darned lawn-mower. Drying dishes!

CARRIE. Sunday evenings. [*A pause.*] Let's go back.

JONES. Nobody ever . . .

CARRIE. Why not? [*He rises slowly.*] We're losing each other! [*He turns to her, but, at this moment, that musical jingle fills the air. He hesitates.*]

BEE. [*Announcing, in the far distance.*] Mr. Money-

penny! [*Like a man hypnotized,* Jones *moves in the direction of the voice.*]

CARRIE. Don't leave me!

SEE. [*Announcing; much nearer.*] Mr. Moneypenny!

JONES. [*Violently.*] Let me alone! He means more to me than anybody! More than you, or Molly, or David! More than . . . [*A crash of thunder and blackness.*] . . . God Almighty! [*A pause. Lights up.*]

BEE. [*Entering. Quietly.*] Mr. Moneypenny.

[Mr. Moneypenny *appears, wearing a huge ulster, and* Bee *disappears, both through the main entrance.*]

JONES. Good evening, sir. . . . Come in!

CARRIE. [*Goes to* Mr. M.] Get out! You're killing my husband!

MR. MONEYPENNY. [*Smiling.*] I'm killing a good many husbands. They rather enjoy it!

CARRIE. [*With clinched fists.*] You're not wanted! Get out or I'll . . .

MR. MONEYPENNY. [*Charmingly.*] How lovely you're looking. Dorothy Gray and Elizabeth Arden!

CARRIE. [*The hypnosis works on her, too.*] Wrinkles smoothed and faces lifted!

MR. MONEYPENNY. That's the way to hold your husband.

CARRIE. [*On her way to the arch.*] Good-bye, Johnny! See you later! Milk of almonds! Cream of peaches! That's the way to hold your husband! [*She is gone.*]

MR. MONEYPENNY. [*Producing his whip.*] What's the idea of leaving the office?

JONES. [*Cowering.*] New Year's Eve.

MR. MONEYPENNY. That's no excuse! Why do I have to keep whipping you?

JONES. I'm tired!

MR. MONEYPENNY. Let's talk business! [*The words are magic. Happy once more,* JONES *rushes into conference.*] You said yourself you'd have to have more money!

JONES. And *you* said you'd show me later.

MR. MONEYPENNY. Have you done what I told you?

JONES. [*Nods.*] Every dollar I haven't got is invested in firearms and munitions. [*Exasperated.*] Though God knows what *they* have to do with *pickles!*

MR. MONEYPENNY. Our country going to war with the Kingdom of Gluttony!

JONES. [*Starts up.*] WAR! ! That's ridiculous!

MR. MONEYPENNY. Invariably.

JONES. Who's going to start it?

MR. MONEYPENNY. *We* are. With the help of the middlemen.

JONES. What middlemen?

MR. MONEYPENNY. The middlemen David's eliminated. Every pickle went through forty hands, and every hand can be turned against us!

JONES. You can't make people fight for pickles!

MR. MONEYPENNY. You can make people fight for anything! Wait 'til the bands start playing, and we can think of a few good outrages. That's what we need now. Someone to fire on the flag!

JONES. [*Rising, and going to your right.*] I won't kill men to make money!

MR. MONEYPENNY. [*Rising, also.*] Bunk! [*He orates.*] Our country; may she always be right, but, right or wrong, our country! [*Drops it, and follows* JONES.] When does the first ship-load of pickles start for Gluttony?

JONES. I don't know.

MR. MONEYPENNY. *Find out!* And be sure that ship has a flag they can't miss!

JONES. *It'll ruin David!*

MR. MONEYPENNY. What of it? [*Unobserved,* DAVID *comes into the archway.*] We've got to work quick! *Before midnight. I want to know when that ship sails for Gluttony!* [*Magnificently dressed,* GLORY *comes into the main doorway. Without turning,* MR. MONEYPENNY *addresses her.*] *One* little thing you can do for me, Glory.

GLORY. [*As she approaches, he faces her.*] I'll do . . . *anything!*

MR. MONEYPENNY. [*His hands on her arms.*] Find out when . . .

DAVID. [*Quietly; coming into the group.*] If you don't mind, that's my wife.

GLORY. [*Complaining to* MR. MONEYPENNY.] He works all the time, and I need a new pearl necklace!

MR. MONEYPENNY. [*To* DAVID.] If you want to keep her, you'll have to do better!

DAVID. [*Wearily.*] I'm doing my best.

JONES. [*On his left; has an inspiration.*] How'd you like to go fishing?

DAVID. It would bore me to death!

JONES. Why, David! . . . Speaking of fish, when does that first boatload of pickles start for Gluttony?

GLORY. Yes; when *does* it?

DAVID. I don't know. [*They turn away, leaving him with* GLORY.] Why can't you love me, Glory?

GLORY. I must have thrill and excitement.

[EPH *has reappeared, and turned on the phonograph.*]

DAVID. Is that love?

GLORY. [*Snapping her fingers to the music.*] It's jake with me!

DAVID. Stop it, Glory! [*She stops snapping, but still sways.*]

GLORY. Life, for me, is something doing every minute! Let's have a movie! [EPH *has been preparing for that.*]

DAVID. [*Simply.*] *Love* . . . for *me* . . . is a moonlit road two walk together.

GLORY. You sound like Molly! [*Upon the screen, we see that moonlit road.*]

DAVID. *Love,* for me, is a quiet house where two dwell together.

GLORY. Molly and that damned fool Professor!

[*Upon the screen, these very two appear in a close-up, and then we see them walking toward that house.*]

MR. MONEYPENNY. Bunk!

JONES. I don't know.

DAVID. Where Trouble sobs, "We have each other." And Joy cries, "We have each other." And Youth, and Age, and even Death, can whisper still, "We have each other."

[*We have seen the pictured* PROFESSOR *and* MOLLY *inside their little house, and now they start for its door.*]

MR. MONEYPENNY. That's hokum! [*They come through the door onto the stage.*]

MOLLY. That's the only truth that never changes.

JONES. Molly! ! !

DAVID. And the Professor! ! !

MR. MONEYPENNY. Lights! ! !

[*The lights go on, and we see these two, hand in hand. Neither is conventionally, or objectionably, a "blue-stocking."* MOLLY *is dark and delightful . . . self-reliant, a college girl, but feminine and with a bubbling sense of humor. The* PROFESSOR *is curly and fair-haired; clean, athletic, a little quaint; someone to laugh at . . . and love.*]

How did *you* get here?

PROFESSOR. We're going to be married!

JONES. *Married? ! !*

MOLLY. Michael, you're so *sudden!* [*She pets her parent.*] Poor father! He's got his smile on upside down!

DAVID. Molly, dear!

GLORY. Molly, dear, when Poverty comes in the window, Love looks for the nearest exit!

[*The music has been growing louder, and she is swaying to it.*]

Come on, David! Jazzy road house!

DAVID. [*On his way out.*] We'll be back for dinner.

GLORY. [*Dancing off after him, and speaking in time to the music.*] Or to breakfast! Or to luncheon! Must keep moving! [*She is gone. A pause. The* PROFESSOR *has induced* EPH *to stop the phonograph, but now we get another disturbance.*]

THE RADIO. The Happiness Boys, Billy Jones and Ernest Hare! [*Then their voices in the familiar song.*] How'd'ya do, everybody; how'd'ya do, *etc.*

PROFESSOR. [*Having got this tuned to a murmur.*] Now about Molly!

MR. MONEYPENNY. How much do you get a year?

PROFESSOR. *Enough!*

JONES. Don't boast, Michael. Nobody gets that much!

PROFESSOR. And I've gone into business.

JONES. [*To* MR. MONEYPENNY.] I told you!

MR. MONEYPENNY. *What* business?

PROFESSOR. I'm running a Beauty Shop!

JONES. A Beauty Shop!

MR. MONEYPENNY. [*At the same time.*] What do *you* know about beauty? ! !

PROFESSOR. Oh, *lots!*

MOLLY. [*At the same time.*] Such a sweet little shop . . . just around the corner!

JONES. I'll send you loads of people! [*To* MR. MONEYPENNY.] You know, we spend more on beauty parlors than we do on the Navy! . . . I'd like to see Molly happy.

MOLLY. Thank you, darling.

MR. MONEYPENNY. Then let *me* show you some husbands!

[*Ready for business, he throws off his ulster, disclosing flashy apparel that proclaims the Bunco-Steerer.*]

PROFESSOR. Why, he's a confidence man!

JONES. *Nonsense!*

MR. MONEYPENNY. Here's a goldbrick . . . much in

demand. It's called "brilliant marriage!" [*Producing it.*]

JONES. I've always wanted one for Molly!

MR. MONEYPENNY. I've got a few samples outside . . . the best husbands money can buy! First, something direct from Paris! Dances beautifully!

BEE. [*Appears, announces, and, as the sample arrives, disappears.*] Count Rien du Tout!

COUNT. [*The author leaves him to your imagination.*] Bon soir, chérie! [*With an accent, and, unfortunately, with a question mark, instead of an exclamation.*] I love you—and how much?

MOLLY. [*Shrinking away.*] Second-hand! [*The* COUNT *goes into his mannequin walk.*]

MR. MONEYPENNY. Return privilege! Send him back, and we'll make an adjustment! Next, if you're interested in art nouveau, how about a popular author? Best seller! Very decorative, and a loud speaker!

BEE. [*As before.*] Mr. Peel!

PEEL. Sex A. Peel . . . and loads *of* it! Recommended by the Use-*Our*-Brains-and-Buy-a-Book Club! Take me home for two-fifty!

PROFESSOR. Not worth it!

MR. MONEYPENNY. Well, then, a great editor! Owns

two thousand newspapers, and supplies ready-made thought to millions of readers!

BEE. [*As before.*] Mr. Smudge.

SMUDGE. [*Who appears to be suffering from jaundice.*] I may *look* a little yellow, but I've a wonderful circulation!

PROFESSOR. Disgusting!

MOLLY. [*At the same time.*] I won't look at any more! I don't want anyone but Michael!

MR. MONEYPENNY. [*Gathering up his ulster.*] I'll leave the lot on approval. Try 'em all; dozens of ladies *have,* with very little satisfaction! Thrills guaranteed, and no objection to divorces! [*In the doorway.*] See you later! [*He vanishes.*]

JONES. [*As the* PROFESSOR *and* MOLLY *walk toward the archway.*] Molly! Where are you going?

MOLLY. In search of happiness.

JONES. Where can you find it?

THE RADIO. Billy and Ernie want us to remind you that happiness is always to be found just around the corner.

JONES. [*Wistfully. Wonderingly.*] Just around the corner!

PROFESSOR. [*While* MOLLY *is kissing her* FATHER.] That's where our Beauty Shop is!

MOLLY. Come see it, father! See how rich we're going to be! And don't forget to come to our wedding! [*They disappear into the darkness from which they came.*]

THE RADIO. Station Y-Y-Y. Broadway Brown announcing. We will now hear Cookie, the California Sunshine Girl, singing, "She Don't Wanta; She's Not That Kind of a Girl!" [*She does so. In a sudden brilliant light in the archway . . . the reflection, perhaps, of her diamonds . . . enters* CARRIE, *magnificently dressed . . . if you can call it that . . . as are all who come into this scene.* THE RADIO *dies down.*]

CARRIE. Well, well, welcome everybody! Welcome to our thirty-five room apartment! We pay a hundred thousand a year!

OMNES. [*As in The Office.*] How does she do it? Where does she get it?

JONES. Tired! Tired! [*He goes into the music room, where, unnoticed, he plays his adding machine, and listens to his ticker. Eventually, exhausted, he goes to sleep, and plainly dreams of fishing.*]

THE RADIO. This is the Coward Comfort Hour.

OMNES. Isn't it wu-u-underful? ! !

PEEL. She's unlucky in love; she got married!

OMNES. Isn't he wu-u-underful? ! !

SMUDGE. Better than Barrie!

BEE. [*Appears and announces.*] Miss Goof!

MR. MONEYPENNY. [*Thrusting* BEE *aside as he re-enters. He is in evening dress now; across his breast, a golden ribbon, with an order . . . a large golden dollar-mark. To* BEE.] These are *my* friends, and I'll introduce 'em! [BEE *departs, and, thereafter . . . or until he forgets it . . . makes all his announcements to* MR. MONEYPENNY.] Miss Goof! Used to be one of our most popular morons! Lost favor recently! She *said* something!

SMUDGE. Really?

MR. MONEYPENNY. Yes; one night, when she was talking, she said something. [*Enter* MISS GOOF, *who, except in dress, bears a strong family resemblance to the typists.*]

MISS GOOF. Well! Well! Isn't this *too* sweet? ! !

COUNT. [*To* MR. MONEYPENNY.] Why, *she's* a street girl!

MR. MONEYPENNY. No; she's a lady. It's *very* much against her!

COUNT. I'm sorry!

MR. MONEYPENNY. Don't apologize! It's *extremely* hard to tell the difference!

PEEL. The heavenly twins . . . monogamy and monotony! [*Laughter and applause. The party begins to be a party. The women ply their cigarettes and lip-sticks, much as did their prototypes in The Office. Some of the men do cross-word puzzles, and play "Ask Me Another." There are corner flirtations.* SEE *moves about with an enormous cocktail-shaker, filling and refilling huge glasses. The din becomes deafening.*]

BEE. [*As before.*] Mr. de Lays! [*He remains at the door.*]

MR. MONEYPENNY. Mr. Laws de Lays! One of our most bewildering attorneys . . . and popular choice for our next President!

SMUDGE. The people are clamoring for de Lays!

PEEL. I'm not!

SMUDGE. Yes, you are; only you don't know it yet! [*Enter* DE LAYS, *who proves to be pretty much like everyone else.*]

MR. MONEYPENNY. Three cheers for de Lays! [DE LAYS *shakes hands with him warmly.*]

BEE. [*Announcing and departing.*] Mrs. Mann-Chaser!

MR. MONEYPENNY. [*As she enters.*] One of our most *frequent* co-respondents!

CARRIE. [*To* MRS. CHASER.] My dear! Where *have* you been?

MRS. CHASER. A bridge game, darling, and two matinees! First, a revue. Glorifies the American Girl! You know; takes her clothes off!

PEEL. And the other show?

MRS. CHASER. Oh, a most delightfully dirty drama . . . at the Bootleggers' Theater! That's the theater with a speak-easy on the roof, and a night-club in the basement! This play's just full of thrills! In the big scene, two men get into bed with the same woman!

SMUDGE. [*Above the appreciative laughter.*] How clever!

PEEL. [*At the same time.*] Expressionistic!

MR. MONEYPENNY. Certainly one of our foremost authors!

THE RADIO. With sincere apologies, we now present an intelligent speaker, Prof. Reed . . .

OMNES. Shut it off! Tune it out! Nothing doing! Give him the air!

MISS GOOF. My God, I thought we were going to learn something!

BEE. [*As before.*] Mr. Varie Rich!

OMNES. Ah!

CARRIE. Show him in. . . .

MR. MONEYPENNY. With great respect!

COUNT. Who is it? A Captain of Industry?

MR. MONEYPENNY. Yes . . . in a way. He's a burglar!

COUNT. A burglar?

MR. MONEYPENNY. Oh, but *very* successful! Makes a lot of money! Looked up to in the community! [*All rise and bow low as* MR. RICH *enters.*]

SMUDGE. He's got a house with an emerald swimming pool.

RICH. And a two-year-old girl baby! Just bought her an ermine coat! Way home . . . bumped a guy! [*Laughter.*] Man higher up fixed it for fifty bones!

BEE. [*As before.*] Dr. Pugh!

MR. MONEYPENNY. Dr. Pugh, of the Church of the Almighty Dollar!

PUGH. [*Entering and beaming.*] All men are my brothers! . . . Ah, Mr. Peel! Now we shall hear something important! [*Everyone listens.*]

PEEL. She put the tonic in Platonic Friendship! [*Laughter and applause.*]

OMNES. Smarter than Sheridan! Wittier than Wilde! Greater than Elinor Glyn!

BEE. [*As before.*] Three more of the dull rich! [*They prove to be three "flappers," and each goes straight to a man.*]

THE THREE WOMEN. How are you?

THE THREE MEN. Fine! How are *you?*

THE THREE WOMEN. Fine! How are *you?* [*They continue this conversation indefinitely.*]

OTHER WOMEN. Grand slam in spades!

OTHER MEN. Won the bogie competition two up!

WOMEN. General Motors!

MEN. Mexican Pete! [*Again we hear a murmur of "Millions—Billions."*]

WOMEN. Where did she get it? How do they do it? Wish I had one!

MEN. What'll it get you? What's it all about? Where do we go from here?

[DAVID *and* GLORY, *dressed for dinner, enter on your left, and rush across stage.*]

GLORY. Hurry! Hurry!

CARRIE. Just in time!

GLORY. Can't stop!

MR. MONEYPENNY. [*To* JONES, *who has awakened, and resumed work.*] Ask him when that ship sails!

JONES. David . . . !

DAVID. Can't stop! We're going out to dinner!

GLORY. [*As they disappear on your right.*] Come on! Hurry! Hurry!

JONES. [*To* MR. MONEYPENNY.] He won't answer!

MR. MONEYPENNY. Try getting him drunk. We *must* know before midnight!

BEE. [*Enters.*] Dinner is served!

CARRIE. Come, John! Dinner! [*To the others.*] Choose your partners! Eph; the radio! [*The guests line up in pairs . . .* RICH *and* MRS. CHASER; PEEL *and* MISS GOOF; SMUDGE *and* CARRIE. JONES *trails on alone, doing sums on a pad.*]

THE RADIO. All aboard! Track three! Golden's Bridge Local! Claremont, Tremont, Williams Bridge and Woodlawn! Wakefield, Greenfield, Bronxville and Crestwood! Scarsdale, Hartsdale, Thornwood and Mount Kisco!

[*During this, they march down to the footlights . . . to which servants have wheeled the table.* EPH *places a ticker beside* JONES. *Behind this fall black velvet curtains, with two gold dollar marks, and entrances on either side. Softly, behind the curtains, we hear the jazz-orchestra we are soon to see.*]

DE LAYS. We've a box at the opera, but we never go! It bores us!

SMUDGE. Don't care for golf! Prefer hunting! Like to kill something!

[*They are at their places. Behind the table, left to right:* DE LAYS, CHASER, MR. MONEYPENNY, JONES, GOOF *and* SMUDGE. *In front: the* COUNT, *a* "FLAPPER," PEEL, *a* "FLAPPER," RICH, *and the third* "FLAPPER." PUGH *left end of table, and* CARRIE *right.* MR. MONEYPENNY *knocks with his gavel.*]

MR. MONEYPENNY. Ready; go! [*They sing "Smile, Smile, Smile." Raps again.*] Gentlemen, be seated! [*They sit, and become comparatively quiet.*] Champagne!

COUNT. [*As* BEE *serves.*] That's poison!

MRS. CHASER. What're we going to do? It's the only liquor in America! [*Drinks.*]

RICH. Let's all talk about Prohibition! [*To an approving chorus of "That's a new idea" and "Thank Heaven; something to talk about!" the servants bring on vast quantities of food in small wheelbarrows, with golden shovels.*]

CARRIE. Will everybody have duck?

MISS GOOF. How many calories? [*They consult their books.*]

JONES. I can't digest anything but bread and milk!

MR. MONEYPENNY. [*Nudges* JONES.] Go on!

JONES. [*Stumbles to his feet; already tangled in ticker-tape.*] I want to introduce the Toastmaster of the Evening. The fountain of all good. The beloved of all humanity. . . .

MR. MONEYPENNY. Hear! Hear!

JONES. All things unto all men. . . . My head aches! I can't remember! Oh, yes; ladies and gentlemen, my benefactor, MR. MONEYPENNY! [*All stand, sing "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," and sit.* JONES *returns to his figures, and "the subsequent proceedings interest him no more."*]

MR. MONEYPENNY. [*Rising.*] Friends, and fellow members of the world's biggest association . . . the Self-Seekers! [*Applause.*] I have pleasure in presenting one of a group of men to whom belongs the credit for taking the finest ideal in history, and so covering it with hocus-pocus that nobody has the faintest idea what it's all about! Dr. Pugh, of the Church of the Almighty Dollar! [*He sits.*]

PUGH. [*Rises and sheds beneficence and light.*] Dearly beloved. . . . Clutter, mutter, and non-essentials!

CARRIE. What is he saying?

SMUDGE. What does it matter?

PUGH. I come to you tonight with the solution of a great problem!

OMNES. Hear! Hear!

PUGH. St. Matthew once remarked thoughtlessly, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of God!"

RICH. Shame! Shame!

PUGH. Gentlemen, behold! [BEE *and* SEE *bring on an enormous bodkin.*] A perfect needle, and a perfect cinch for any camel! [*Cheers.*] I *must* have a wealthy church . . . a fashionable congregation! [*A flutter of applause, during which* PUGH *prepares for a peroration.*]

SMUDGE. The people are clamoring for de Lays!

MISS GOOF. Why?

SMUDGE. We haven't decided. [*Dressed for ocean travel, and carrying the usual impedimenta,* DAVID *and* GLORY *appear on your right.*]

MR. MONEYPENNY. [*To* JONES.] *Ask him now!*

JONES. David, I'm lonely!

DAVID. [*Crossing.*] Sorry, father. Glory says *must* go to Europe!

GLORY. [*Crossing.*] Sailing on the Gigantic! Five rooms and six baths! Omit flowers!

OMNES. [*As they disappear on your left.*] Send us a postcard!

MR. MONEYPENNY. [*Rising, despite* PUGH's *evident unconsciousness that he is through.*] Next speaker, the Mr. Fixit of Big Business. . . . Mr. de Lays! [*He sits.*]

MISS GOOF. Three cheers for de Lays!

DE LAYS. [*Rising and running rapidly through his preamble.*] Whereas, therefore, notwithstanding, being sworn, deposes and says: My highest aim is to defeat Justice! [*Applause.*] This I am able to do partly through a system guaranteed to exclude all human intelligence from a jury! My ambition is to see every law-breaker safe as long as he's solvent! [*Applause.*] I *must* have a Rolls-Royce!

SMUDGE. [*As* DE LAYS *sits.*] The people are clamoring for de Lays!

CARRIE. Why?

SMUDGE. Because we tell 'em!

[*Loud steamboat whistles off left. In new foreign clothes, their bags covered with labels,* DAVID *and* GLORY *appear that side of the stage.*]

OMNES. [*Rising and waving kerchiefs.*] Welcome home!

CARRIE. What did you see?

DAVID. Montmartre and the Folies Bergere!

GLORY. Bond Street and the Roo de la Pays!

PUGH. What did you learn?

GLORY. Oh, lots! Why, until this trip, I always thought Noter *Dam* was a reservoir! [*They cross.*]

CARRIE. Do sit down!

GLORY. Got to go to a charity ball! [*They vanish on your right.*]

MR. MONEYPENNY. [*Rising.*] Our last speaker is that great journalist and moulder of Public Opinion, Mr. Smudge! [*He sits.*]

SMUDGE. [*Rises, amid cheers; clears throat; drinks water; waits for silence. At last; impressively.*] Barney Google and Casey, the Ice Man! [*Laughter and applause.*] Boy bandits! Secret Love-Life Ends in Murder! Why *shouldn't* my friends, the Common People, have more than their employers? [*He winks. Derisive laughter.*] I am one of those who make a virtue of giving the public what it wants, thus getting what *I* want! Am I wrong? [*Cries of "No! No!"*] The point is, I *must* have two yachts! [*Cheers.*]

MISS GOOF. What *does* the public want?

SMUDGE. De Lays for President!

OMNES. Why?

SMUDGE. Wet. Dry. Free trade and protective tariff.

OMNES. Hurrah!

MR. MONEYPENNY. The farmer's friend!

OMNES. Hurrah!

DE LAYS. Stars and Stripes, and the American Eagle!

OMNES. Good! Right! He's for the American Eagle! Vote for the man who's for the American Eagle! De Lays for President! Three cheers for de Lays!

PUGH. If you're elected, who'll run the country?

OMNES. Who cares?

MR. MONEYPENNY. Business is good; what more do you want?

RICH. Vote for a business man!

PUGH. What's your platform?

DE LAYS. Prosperity! [*Loud cheers, and blasts upon tin horns. A banner falls, reading, "De LAYS AND PROSPERITY." In the midst of this,* DAVID *and* GLORY, *in evening dress, re-enter on your right.*]

GLORY. You high-brows going to sit here all evening?

OMNES. No! No!

GLORY. This is New Year's Eve! This is a solemn occasion! Let's go to a night club!

DAVID. No, Glory!

JONES. I'm tired!

OMNES. She's right! Life and gaiety! We've got to celebrate!

GLORY. Let's go where we can hear the chimes in the

Church of the Almighty Dollar! Let's go to the Château d'Or!

OMNES. The Château d'Or!

JONES. [*Plaintively.*] Please! I don't want to go to a night club! I'm . . . sick!

OMNES. Who cares?

[*The lights have dimmed down slowly until they have blacked out everyone but* JONES *and* MR. MONEYPENNY. *A fearful silence.*]

MR. MONEYPENNY. *YOU'VE GOT TO GO!* You've got to pump David! Get him drunk, and then ask him when that ship sails for Gluttony!

JONES. David's my boy.

[MR. MONEYPENNY *begins to laugh. As the light leaves him, his uproarious merriment merges into a Saturnalia of Sound.*]

VOICES. [*In the dark.*] The Château d'Or! Attaboy! Let's go! Thrills! Thrills! Love and kisses! Long time dead! Let's dance! Bring your hip-flask! Hurry! Hurry!

[*We hear drunken cries, and tin horns, and rattlers, and the jazz-band playing "HALLELUJAH," as the lights go up slowly upon . . .*

Scene 3

THE NIGHT CLUB

When the lights go up, we see chiefly darkness. The walls nearest the proscenium are faintly illuminated by blue lamps in reflectors, such as are used in art galleries. Of the art revealed here, we distinguish only enough to suggest that it is obtrusively nude. The walls themselves, in fact, are scarcely more than suggested. Upon those disappearing to our left and right, we discern two panel-inscriptions. . . . "GOD BLESS OUR HOME" and "HOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS."

In the rear, upon a platform set in a semi-circle of black drapery, is the orchestra. Of these men, nothing is visible except their faces, each picked out by an individual white light. These faces one leaves to your imagination . . . or, perhaps, you have seen jazz orchestras. Above them, later on, you are to see the face of the clock you saw in The Vault and in The Office. On either side of the orchestra is an illuminated sign . . . glass . . . white letters in a red background, reading "EXIT" . . . but we do not see the exits beneath the signs.

In front of all this, very near us, is the polished dancing floor . . . about sixteen feet across and running back about thirty feet. High lights, available when desired, make this the most conspicuous spot in the room. Over it, is a low ceiling, of pleated silk, through which, at times, filter colored lights. At our end of the floor, on either side, a square pillar, upon which, appropriately, a plaster head of His Satanic Majesty, with glowing eyes. Near the top of the left pillar, operated by an invisible electrician upon an invisible perch, a flood light, back of a revolving wheel with wide spokes of multi-colored gelatin. The broadest spokes are opaque, so that, when they cover the lamp, in the slow turning of the wheel, the dancing floor is in blackness. Another device, at the front, makes possible the illumination of the dancers' legs, or of their bodies, each separately.

That is all we see . . . except in our mind's eye . . . of the Château d'Or. None of the light is diffused . . . it falls where it was meant to fall, and there only. Everything else is in darkness. As to the tables, crowded around the dancing floor, and what is occurring at these tables, we can only conjecture. Two of them . . . square tables, seating four or six persons . . . left and right, as close to us as possible, are to be revealed later. Upon all the tables, not seen but heard, are wooden-hammers, rattlers, and other weapons for slaying the Demon Quiet.

The Château d'Or is located in a cellar. There is very little air, and that little hot, and filled with tobacco-smoke. In every ray of light we see this smoke curling. Those of the patrons disclosed to us are continually mopping their faces. No one would guess that they were enjoying themselves. Their expressions . . . particularly those of the dancers . . . suggest rather that this is their life-work, arduous, but remunerative. You may imagine sensuality, if you like . . . we are informed that many people do imagine it . . . except that the word "sensuality" somehow implies refinement, and here is nothing of that kind. Here, instead, is stark vulgarity, raw and raucous, blatant and boastful.

[*At rise of the Curtain.*] *We continue to hear drunken cries, and tin horns, and rattlers, and the jazz-band, playing "HALLELUJAH." Besides what has been described, we see only innumerable cigars and cigarettes, glowing in the circumambient darkness. Occasionally, a match, or a cigar-lighter, gives us a fitful glimpse of what is happening in that darkness. We hear shrill, drunken laughter, and shrill, dead "cigarette voices."*

As the din dies down, a spotlight picks out the face of a gentleman in the center of the dancing floor . . . a singer. It is a poetic face . . . thin, pasty, crowned by black, greasy hair . . . the face of a drug addict. Accompanied by the orchestra, sentimentally, its owner

takes up the second verse of his song, in a dead, expressionless, slightly nasal tenor.

THE SINGER. Oh, how I remember, dearie,
Those dear days in my home, sweet home,
When life was just an idle dream,
And I never thought to roam.
So I seem to hear you saying,
"I'll be waiting here for you,"
And, though I keep you waiting,
Nora, dear, my heart is true.

[*The refrain.*]

Nora! Nora!
My heart is aching for her,
As I mingle with the happy crowds along
the Great White Way.
Nora! Nora!

[*Spoken.*]

Oh, Nora, darling, I'm thinking of those
moonlight nights in the cotton fields!

I lead the life so gay,
But my heart is ever with you
In the Broadway Cabaret!

THE MISTRESS OF CEREMONIES. [*A spot-light reveals her, leaning against a pillar. This revelation is not limited by excessive clothing. The lady's costume, in fact, like those of all the other female entertainers, re-*

sembles that of Gunga Din. . . . "Nothing much before, an' rather less than 'arf o' that be'ind." She is very beautiful, in a coarse way; very alluring; a little drunk; and she has been suspected of what, in the South, is called "a touch of the tar-brush." She speaks before we see her, and before the crowd is entirely aware that the poetic gentleman's longing for Nora *has ceased being an audible expression.*] Nice big hand for Pete! [*The audience responds, not only with hands, but with the weapons already mentioned.*]

OMNES. [*Unanimously demanding another song.*] "Dear Old Mother!" Sing "Dear Old Mother"!

[*The Troubadour strokes his oiled hair, smiles, bows and shakes his head.*]

THE M. OF C. [*As the spot-lights disappear, obliterating both faces.*] He'll give you that later!

A MAN'S VOICE. [*Unidentified, but drunken . . . in the darkness.*] Li'l ginger ale, Waiter!

THE WAITER. [*Responding in the darkness.*] O. K., Judge! Keep your shirt on, Senator! [*Shrieks of disassociated laughter.*]

THE M. OF C. [*Again disclosed.*] Miss Bernice Botay, the Hotsy-Totsy Girl, is gonna lead the next number, an' I think we oughta give Bernice a nice big hand, don't you? [*Plainly, they do.*]

A WOMAN'S VOICE. [*In the darkness.*] Keep your hand off me!

A MAN'S VOICE. Who th' hell d'ya think *you* are?

THE WOMAN'S VOICE. George, I been insulted!

THE BOUNCER'S VOICE. Cut the rough stuff!

THE WAITER. Ice!

ANOTHER MAN'S VOICE. Who's got my hip-flask?

THE M. OF C. Here comes Bernice! Very clever little girl! Nice big hand for little Bernice!

[BERNICE *bounds into the spot-light. She is dressed . . . but not over-dressed . . . as a baby. A deafening din of hammers on tables and glasses.*]

THE CIGARETTE GIRL. Cigarettes and cigars!

BERNICE. [*Like her colleagues, she hasn't any more talent or training than she has costume. A rank amateur. In the dead voice characteristic of the place, she recites.*]

What you're gonna see . . . Oh, say!
Cuties in their langeray!
Ev'ry girlie is a hummer,
Sweet sixteen, an' dressed for summer!
They're in their undies, but don't get shocked;
Ev'ry combination's locked!

[*The light broadens, and takes in the chorus . . .*

eight girls, costumed like their leader, and, except for a degree of difference in exposure, curiously like the girls we saw in The Office and The Home.]

BERNICE. [*Singing . . . if you call it that.*]

Have you seen the Broadway Babies,
That are out to dig your gold?
Reg'lar fellers . . . don't mean may-bes. . . .
An' they knock those bozos cold!

Broadway Babies, oil 'em up, so they never dare to squawk,
And strong men get unconscious when they hear that baby-talk!

THE CHORUS. [*They go to the men at the tables, but, as these are in darkness, we have to imagine what happens when the girls arrive.*]

Whose daddy,
Whose daddy,
Whose daddy are you?
My daddy,
My daddy,
Swear that you'll be true!
'Bye, baby,
'Bye, baby,
Listen to our taunts;
Buy baby,
Buy baby
Ev'rything she wants!

[*The chorus returns to the floor, and does suggestive, but untrained dance-steps; finishing by lying upon their backs, and lifting their legs, which are illuminated, while the rest of them remains in darkness.*]

THE M. OF C. [*Pleading, during this.*] Nice big hand for the little girlies! Oh, my goodness; give those girls a hand! Look how hard they're working!

OTHER VOICES. [*In the darkness.*] Ice, Judge? Ice, Senator? . . . Cigarettes and cigars!

THE M. OF C. Why don't you give those gorgeous blondes a hand? Do you mean to tell me those girls don't deserve a hand? Wake up, fellers, and give those girls a hand!

[*As the light fades upon the wriggling legs, a man at the table on your left lights a match, and momentarily we see a Goya picture . . . "touts," "tarts," drug addicts, and the white face and scarlet lips of a* DEAD WOMAN. *The picture is static an instant, and then it moves. A man draws a woman to him, and kisses her. The* DEAD WOMAN *laughs . . . a dead, mirthless laugh . . . and in a dead, joyless voice, cries.*]

THE DEAD WOMAN. Wake up, fellers! Let joy be unrefined!

[*The match is extinguished, but now soft lights*

shine through the silken ceiling, and we see that the dance floor is crowded. So crowded that it is an euphemism to speak of the squirming throng as dancers. Every girl is tightly clasped, however, and the concomitant motion seems to give all concerned a certain kind of satisfaction. After a moment, the filtered lights fade, and another light shows only the legs of the dancers, marking time, never moving from one spot. Then that light fades, and another reveals only undulating bodies. The dancers are not all in evening clothes, but most of them wear paper hats, and other comic decorations, and all mop their streaming faces incessantly. As the upper light dims out, the flood light comes on, and the revolving wheel bathes the crowd in various colors. Every time an opaque panel blots out the illumination, we hear squeals, and obviously insincere protests. As aforesaid, the dancers are stern-visaged and hard-working. Now and then, their number is augmented by recruits fresh from the tables, still eating, or carrying food, or drink. After each dance, there is preoccupied applause, and an encore. Whenever a dance is really over, the orchestra plays a curious succession of notes, as a sort of signal, whereupon all the lights go out, and the pleasure-seekers return to their seats, to resume later. The departing couples are all "petters." We see one man behind a girl, his arms over her shoul-

ders, in a caress usually reserved for greater privacy. The music for the dancing is a program of contemporary banalities. . . . "Just a Memory," "Ain't She Sweet?" "I'm in Heaven When I See You Smile." During this, from various tables in the surrounding darkness, we hear unrecognized voices in snatches of indicative conversation . . . a queer blending of comic and tragic, a sort of microcosmic medley. As all the speakers are unidentified, there is no need of naming them.] [*A shrill cry.*]

[*A shrill cry.*] I gotta have a sniff o'coke! Christ's sake, ain't anybody . . . [*Someone shuts him off.*]

* * *

Meet my sister!
Sister, hell! Las' time I saw your sister she was taking your dictation!

* * *

How's Benny?
Fine!
He's through, ain't he?
Oh, absolutely!

* * *

I'm drunk, an' I don't give a damn who knows it!

* * *

Where's your husband?
Ah, he's home, workin', where he oughta be!

* * *

Jees, what's the big idea; a plate o' chop-sooey $19?!!
Ten dollars o' that's coovair!
Hell! Anyway, you've short-changed me! Nineteen from fifty ain't twenty!

* * *

Waiter! Where's the menu?
Second door on your right!

* * *

I'm a lady!

THE DEAD WOMAN. [*In her husky voice, with her mirthless laugh.*] This is the life, boys! Let joy be unrefined!

[*And so we come to the end of the dance. The floor is plunged into blackness, but, in a wavering light, we observe* THE MISTRESS OF CEREMONIES, *now quite drunk, approach the table on your left. She places her hand affectionately upon a gentleman there, and the lady with him protests.*]

THE LADY. Friend o' yours?

THE MAN. [*To* THE LADY.] How'd'ya get that way? [*To the* M. OF C.] Keep your black hands off'n me!

THE M. OF C. Ah, you go to hell!

[*The light leaves this group, and the flood-light illuminates the floor, as dancing, and the voices in the darkness, begin again.*]

Did you read "Sir Gallahad"?
Naw! Who was *he?*
Kind of a Nance, I guess! Frenchman!

* * *

Listen; this is the funny part!

* * *

They gotta shut up at 3 o'clock!
Who says so?
Walker!
Johnny Walker! *He's* a'right!
Watch 'em do it!
Three o'clock's *time* to go home!
Home? Where's *that?*
[*Shrieks of laughter.*]

JONES. [*In the darkness, at the table on your right.*] I'm tired! [*A pin-spot of light picks out his haggard face.*]

MR. MONEYPENNY. [*In the darkness, at the same table.*] *Ask David!* [*The light takes* him *in.*]

GLORY. [*In the darkness, at the same table.*] Life and gaiety! Where do we go from here?

[*The light takes* her *in. During this, the music, and the lights on the dancing floor, have been get-*

ting lower, so that, although both continue, they become a mere background. Above the orchestra, we see the face of the clock, with the hands at 11.51. Also, in a moving glow, we see The Mistress of Ceremonies, *rebuffed at the table on your left, bearing down upon* Jones.]

THE M. OF C. [*To* JONES.] Hello, Sucker! Got anything to gargle?

JONES. [*Weary and annoyed.*] Oh, go away!

THE M. OF C. [*With the swift anger of intoxication. She is alone with* JONES *in the spot-light.*] Don't get Ritzy! My boy-friend's got more coin than you have! Wait 'til you see him!

JONES. *PLEASE!*

THE M. OF C. [*Now maudlin.*] He's gonna marry me, too! Maybe tonight! Maybe tomorrow! Don't say nuthin'! His folks wouldn't like it!

JONES. Somebody take her away!

THE M. OF C. [*Pendulating between one mood and the other.*] I'll show you! Swell kid, my sweetie! So don't you Ritz *me! DON'T DO IT!!!*

[*The light leaves them, and comes up on the floor, as the music ends and the dance stops momentarily. There is applause, and it resumes. The crawling clock-hands are approaching midnight.*

The crowd is getting drunker, and noisier with the imminence of the New Year. We hear more voices.]

Don't go yet! Stick for the New Year!
Don't wanta stick *here!*
Stick and hear the church-chimes at midnight! They're beautiful!

* * *

Cigarettes! Cigars!

* * *

This is the life!

* * *

Got to celebrate the New Year!

THE DEAD WOMAN. Let joy be unrefined!

MR. MONEYPENNY. [*In the dark.*] *Ask him now!*

JONES. [*In the dark.*] Please! *Please!*

MR. MONEYPENNY. [*In the dark.*] *Ask him!*

[*A light shows up the faces of* JONES *and* DAVID, *close together, both dogged, determined.*]

JONES. David, when does that ship sail?

DAVID. Why do you want to know?

JONES. Just curiosity!

DAVID. We haven't decided.

JONES. [*Relieved.*] Well. . . . [*We see a heavy hand*

upon his shoulder. In the light, only a hand . . . with a whip in it.] Doesn't it sail tomorrow?

DAVID. *I don't know!*

JONES. Or Friday?

DAVID. *I don't know!* [*Suddenly vociferous.*] And, if I did, I wouldn't tell you!

JONES. David!

DAVID. Don't you suppose I know what you're after? You've done it before; pried into my business, and I've told you!

JONES. I'm your father!

DAVID. Every time, it's cost my firm money! But now . . . [*A cry.*] . . . *I CAN'T!*

JONES. Why not?

DAVID. If they fire on that ship . . . war! If there's war, my firm goes broke! If my firm goes broke, they'll discover that I've stolen a million dollars!

JONES. David! . . . YOU . . . a *thief?!!!!*

DAVID. I am!

JONES. I believed in *you!*

DAVID. I'm a thief! You taught me! [Jones *makes a feeble, heart-broken movement to ward off the blow.*]

You! *You! YOU!* You told me money bought happiness! You taught me the only thing worth while was money! Get it . . . to hell with *how* . . . GET IT!

JONES. David!

DAVID. You let me marry a thief!

GLORY. [*In the darkness.*] Gimme! Gimme!

DAVID. A thief who wanted more, *more;* always more!!

GLORY. [*In the darkness.*] Furs and jewels!

DAVID. To hell with *how* . . . *GET IT!!!* I got it! Forged checks! Tricked the books! Stole a million! I'm a thief!

JONES. Oh, David!

VOICES. [*A little, murmuring breeze of voices, in the dark, gathering impetus.*] He's a thief! Got caught! He's a thief!

GLORY. [*In the darkness.*] Let's dance!

THE VOICES. [*Roaring now.*] DAVID'S A THIEF!

GLORY. [*The light broadens, and takes her in.*] You thief! You damned thief!

[DAVID *looks at her, and sinks down. The light narrows again, leaving only* JONES.

VOICES. Two minutes to midnight!

A VOICE. Listen for the chimes!

[*The light now includes* CARRIE.]

JONES. Carrie, let's go home!

CARRIE. [*With intense bitterness.*] Home! Where's that?

JONES. Park Avenue. [*She laughs.*] Anywhere with *me!*

CARRIE. You're a stranger! And you've ruined David!

[*The light leaves them, and, suddenly, the full flood falls upon the dancing floor and, in the background, a fantastic, drunken crowd, watching the clock and awaiting the signal to break loose.*]

VOICES. New Year's! Wait for the chimes!

[*The racket begins, but, like the crowd, is still a background. In the foreground, high-lighted, appears* THE MISTRESS OF CEREMONIES, *with* JUNIOR, *who is drunker than she, and has his arms about her.*]

THE M. OF C. [*Trying to tell it to* JONES.] Here's my sweetie! Here's my honey-boy! We're gonna be married! Tonight! We're gonna be married!

JONES. [*A last, despairing cry in the dark.*] JUNIOR!!!

[*The awaited chimes, near by, burst into a jazz rendering of "HALLELUJAH." And, with this, pandemonium breaks loose. As the lights leave us, we see a wild mob . . . hugging, kissing, dancing*

. . . an inferno of naked lust and drunkenness and "joy unrefined." Confetti, thrown from the rear, rains upon the merrymakers, who are blowing horns, popping balloons, wielding clappers. Above the din:]

VOICES. Happy New Year! Happy! *Happy!!* HAPPY!!!

[*We are in total darkness. The hubbub, topped by the chimes, becomes a confused, distant roar, and in the blackness, we make the transition to . . .*]

Scene 4

MR. JONES. . . . THAT NIGHT

It is still dark, but the noise begins to die down. Above it, we hear the sudden, strident note of a gong . . . the gong of a patrol wagon.

VOICES. Thief! Thief! [*A police whistle.*]

MORE VOICES. Stop thief!

[*The clangor of the patrol-gong. Police whistles. The cries of a pursuing mob. Silence.*]

AN ACCUSING VOICE. He got caught!

SCORNFUL VOICES. Ah!

[*Dead silence.*]

JONES. [*In the darkness.*] Everything's gone black! I can't see! I can't think! Carrie, let's go home!

MR. MONEYPENNY. [*A light falls upon him. He is dressed as Simon Legree, and carries the bull whip, with cracks of which he punctuates his sentences.*] What's the idea of leaving the office? Get to work! You've got to save David! Save Junior! Buy off that woman! Give Carrie more . . . more!

THE VOICES. [*In the darkness.*] More! More! More! More!

WOMEN'S VOICES. [*Chanting.*] Mink and ermine, fox, chinchilla!

JONES. [*In the darkness.*] I'm tired!

MR. MONEYPENNY. [*Cracking his whip.*] Go on!

[*The lights come on, dimly. Upon a background of black drapery, hangs the clock, with its hands at 12:10. In front of the drapery, we see the treadmill. At the right end of this treadmill, as you face it, gold is raining, and huge hundred-dollar bills are blowing in the wind from a big fan. At the base of the treadmill are heaped up dresses and jewels. Upon the treadmill, in his pyjamas and holding a candle, goaded on by* MR. MONEYPENNY, *beyond and behind him,* JONES *struggles to reach the money. Strapped to his back are scores of briefbags. He is tangled in the confetti, which has become ticker-tape. In the background, a delirium of familiar sounds . . . the sounds of the whole, long, dreadful day and night . . . the sounds of The Office, of* DAVID'S *wedding service, of the street, and The Home, and The Night Club . . . one after another, and then all together. The metronome. Telegraphs and tickers. Telephones. Snatches of office conversation. Motor horns. The radio. The phonograph. Bits of the dinner speeches . . .*

"Must have a car!" "Must have two yachts!" Then the din of the recent carnival. Raucous laughter. "Can't you see how hard he's working? Give him a big hand!" The nasal tenor, intoning:

"What'll we do without women;
What'll we do without girls?"

The jazz-band. The chimes. "David's a thief!" "Stop thief!" "We're gonna be married!" All blending, at last, in a hideous Saturnalia of Sound.]

MR. MONEYPENNY. [*Above this. Cracking his whip.*] Faster! Harder! Go to it! Get at it! Hurry! Hurry! More! More! Millions—Billions!

[*As in the prologue, the black shadow steals over* JONES, *falling upon the drapery in that same singular, satanic semblance; finally blotting him out. Darkness. Silence.*]

JONES. [*In both.*] I can't! You're killing me! Help! I'm dying! Help! Help! . . . *OH, MY GOD!!!*

[*In a tiny spot of light, we see* MR. MONEYPENNY'S *face . . . the face of the plaster devil in the night club . . . laughing. And, joining in his laughter, as the curtain falls, and, momentarily, afterward, we hear all the other devils—the young devils of din and vulgar display; the old, old devils*

of greed and insatiable desire—laughing . . . laughing . . . laughing. . . .]

THE END OF ACT II

[*After a considerable pause, in the entr'acte, the chimes, without a suspicion of syncopation, ring out in a glad New Year's Hymn. And then, equally without that suspicion, the orchestra plays a medley of Old Songs.*]

ACT III

Scene I

THE BED-ROOM

In the darkness, before the curtain rises, we hear the little devils, still laughing. But slowly their laughter is drowned out by the strains of the Wedding March from "Lohengrin" . . . now in its ordinary tempo. It ceases.

THE VOICE OF THE CURATE. [*We are to meet him later, but now we merely hear him in the darkness.*] Wilt thou, Michael, have this woman to thy wedded wife? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honor, and keep her in sickness and in health; and, forsaking all others, keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both shall live?

PROFESSOR. [*In the darkness.*] I will!

THE VOICE OF THE CURATE. Wilt thou, Molly, have this man to thy wedded husband? Wilt thou obey him, and serve him, love, honor, and keep him in sickness and in health; and, forsaking all others, keep thee only unto him, so long as ye both shall live?

MOLLY. [*In the darkness.*] I will!

THE VOICE OF THE CURATE. In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

[*During this, a bed-lamp comes on slowly, shining upon the fevered, haggard face of* JONES. *It shows us nothing else, except, upon the same table, beside the bed, a medicine bottle or two, a glass, a spoon. High up upon the surrounding black drapery, a spot of light dimly reveals the face of the clock, whose hands are nearing six.*]

JONES. [*Raving.*] Molly, and that damned fool Professor! [*A pause.*] David . . . where's Coolidge? Let's go fishing. [*A pause.*] What'll that get you? [*A pause.*] Where's everybody? My head aches, and I don't seem to see things clearly. [*In sudden fright.*] Who's there? [*He struggles up, staring at the foot of the bed, where we see nothing but darkness.*] It's . . . YOU! . . . God help me!

MR. MONEYPENNY. [*A light reveals him, clad as a jester, in cap and bells, at the head of the bed.*] I am thy God!

JONES. [*Sinking back, wearily.*] You told me money could buy everything!

MR. MONEYPENNY. Yes.

JONES. Can it buy health? Can it buy life?

MR. MONEYPENNY. Life and gaiety!

[*In the dim light at the foot of the bed appears* The Mistress of Ceremonies.]

JONES. I don't want gaiety! [*She disappears.*] I want peace and love. [*In her place, we see* Carrie.] I want Carrie!

MR. MONEYPENNY. She's old!

JONES. She's Carrie!

MR. MONEYPENNY. Nobody wants old age!

JONES. Love does! [*She begins to fade.*] Don't go! I'll give you millions!

CARRIE. [*Out of the darkness; in the far distance.*] You can't buy love!

MR. MONEYPENNY. Hokum!

JONES. I wanted her . . . close to me . . . at the end . . . and she's gone! I wanted to be proud of David! [*He appears, with a fishing pole.*] He used to be so honest, and contented. Will money buy contentment?

MR. MONEYPENNY. Yes!

DAVID. [*Fading.*] No!

JONES. Will money buy dreams, knowledge, friendship?

MR. MONEYPENNY. Last night your table was crowded!

JONES. I'm alone *now!* . . . I'm old and broken! Will money buy youth? [JUNIOR *appears.*]

MR. MONEYPENNY. Yes!

JUNIOR. No . . . only corrupt it! [*He disappears.*]

JONES. What *will* money buy?

MR. MONEYPENNY. Things! Thrills! Power!

JONES. Will it buy clear eyes and a light heart?

MOLLY. [*Appearing.*] No, darling! It won't buy anything you haven't got without it!

MR. MONEYPENNY. [*To* MOLLY.] What have *you* got? [*The* PROFESSOR *appears beside* MOLLY.]

PROFESSOR. Happiness!

JONES. Where?

PROFESSOR. Just around the corner!

MOLLY. Come and see!

JONES. I'd like to come. If I could only get around the corner! [*They begin to fade.*] Wait for me! . . . MOLLY!

A VOICE. Jones!

JONES. Who's that?

THE VOICE. A friend. . . . I've come for you!

JONES. I'm ready!

MR. MONEYPENNY. Not yet!

THE VOICE. Wha'd'ya mean, not yet? You can't bribe *me!* You can't keep me away a single minute!

MR. MONEYPENNY. I can buy *anything!*

THE VOICE. Liar!!!

JONES. Who are you?

THE VOICE. [*As the dim light reveals him.*] The End!

JONES. [*In agony.*] Not yet! I haven't *lived!* I haven't learned! I'm just beginning to see clearly! Molly! Show me what you've found! Take me around the corner! [*Darkness.*] Molly! MOLLY! [*And, again, we hear the derisive laughter.*]

Scene 2

THE PROFESSOR'S BEAUTY SHOP

We are confused . . . the place looks so much like a public library. However, upon the glass of the show windows, set obliquely toward the center of the stage, on your left, we read . . . backward, of course; since we read from behind . . . the words, "Beauty Shop." These windows, parted in the middle by a double door, opening in our direction, are covered with pleated silk, as in an ordinary beauty shop, so that we make out little of the street beyond them. The left wall and the right wall would form a triangle, with its base at the footlights, except that the apex is sufficiently broad to indicate, instead, a hexagon. Upon this apex hangs the familiar clock, now showing the hour to be nearly nine, and against it stands a bookcase, six feet high. The right wall is covered, from top to bottom, with similar bookcases, all thickly populated, except that, close to the footlights, there is an arched fireplace upon a platform.

Everywhere are evidences of culture and good taste . . . reproductions of paintings by Rembrandt, Velasquez,

Michael Angelo. Instead of the wax heads, customary in beauty shops, there are busts of poets and philosophers. Books litter everything, and there are vases of fresh, Spring flowers. Two of these stand upon the counter, in front of the rear wall . . . well in front, in fact; quite close to us . . . and here, also, are soft-shaded lamps, a blotter, writing materials, rubber stamps, a card index, and a free space. Back of the counter is a bookstand. An umbrella-stand sets near the door. There are artistic posters, advertising books, and there are maps, and magazines, and benches, and tables, and magazine-racks, and etchings, and bright, Spring-like prints, and an easel-card, reading, "Books for Older Boys and Girls," and the general comfortable, alluring, ingratiating atmosphere of peace, and quiet, and bookishness that belongs in a library.

Conspicuous, upon a stand on your left, near the footlights, is a lovely bit of ancient sculpture, eloquent of a simplicity we have lost. Hiding in the corners are a piano, a screen for motion pictures, or the illustration of lectures; and a cabinet card index.

All this does not prevent our having what is known to street-car conductors as "plenty of room in front," nor does it interfere with our view of the right and rear walls.

There are suspended soft reading lamps, and there are green-covered wall-brackets, but these are not needed now, since sun-light floods the room. It is a room in

sharp contrast with any other we have seen in the course of this excursion . . . so warm, and cozy, and bright, and happy, and full of invitation to learning and the fine things of life that we should like to climb over the footlights, and make ourselves at home.

[*At rise of the Curtain.*] *The derisive laughter that ended the preceding scene has softened into the happy laughter of a boy and girl outside the doors. When we have had a moment to take in the scene, this boy and girl burst into the room, and we identify them as the* PROFESSOR *and* MOLLY. *They are in rather remarkable walking togs, cheap and comfy.*

PROFESSOR. Did you see his expression? [MOLLY *nods, and they both laugh.*] *He* thinks we're crazy!

MOLLY. We are!

PROFESSOR. [*Warming his hands at the fire.*] Oh, gee, it's great to be crazy!

MOLLY. [*Looking at the clock.*] We're most fearfully late!

PROFESSOR. Who cares? What a thrill . . . those trees, etched in frost against the sunrise!

MOLLY. Four miles since breakfast! [*She has been considering the door.*] Michael! Did you lock this door last night?

PROFESSOR. Yes. . . . No, by George; I didn't! Why?

MOLLY. We've been insulted! We're resigned to the idea that nobody'll *buy* our goods, but it's humiliating to think nobody'll *steal* 'em!

PROFESSOR. That calls for a conference! [*They perch upon the counter.*]

MOLLY. We ought to dress.

PROFESSOR. Why? Nobody's coming! We may as well face the fact that our beauty shop's a failure!

MOLLY. Father promised to send us some trade.

PROFESSOR. But he was taken ill the same night.

MOLLY. It's funny they won't let us see him.

PROFESSOR. No; it's just Mr. Moneypenny.

MOLLY. I saw *him* yesterday. And he gave me his word he'd ask his friends to give us a trial.

PROFESSOR. I *can't understand* why nobody comes. It's such a pretty little shop . . . so modest and inconspicuous.

MOLLY. Maybe that's it. Maybe we ought to put all our goods in the window!

PROFESSOR. Molly!!! We might as well litter the roads with ugly signs telling the world how wonderful we are! If we want to *succeed* in business, we mustn't be vulgar and self-assertive!

MOLLY. [*Ruefully.*] We're not succeeding!

PROFESSOR. No, and I don't know why! Doesn't anybody want Beauty? We're giving them the real thing! [*He takes her hand. A pause.*] It's unfortunate . . . so soon after our marriage!

MOLLY. We can live on bread and cheese.

PROFESSOR. I can't afford cheese.

MOLLY. What do you want most?

PROFESSOR. You!

MOLLY. And what I want most is You. And we've got each other! So who cares?

[*They embrace; sitting on the counter.* GLORY *enters, unseen, and views them with amusement.*]

GLORY. Business going on as usual? [*The embrace ends.*] Is this the Beauty Shop?

PROFESSOR. Yes.

MOLLY. [*At the same time.*] Glory! [*She and the* PROFESSOR "*descend to meet.*"]

GLORY. Mr. Moneypenny sent me. [*She inspects the place.*] Looks like a library!

PROFESSOR. It *is* . . . a library, and a picture gallery, and a lecture hall, and a music room, and everything that belongs in a Beauty Shop!

GLORY. [*She hasn't understood a word.*] Where are your preparations?

MOLLY. All around you!

PROFESSOR. Lovely words. Graceful sentences. [*Quoting Shaw.*] "The might of design; the mystery of color."

GLORY. I don't get you!

MOLLY. What is it you want?

GLORY. Beauty!

PROFESSOR. Exactly. [*He goes to a shelf.*] I've a thing here I *guarantee* to make you more beautiful! [*He brings down a book.*] A poem called "The West Wind."

MOLLY. No one can read that without being more beautiful!

GLORY. [*Dubiously.*] Wind's awfully bad for the complexion!

PROFESSOR. The complexion?! I've the *very thing* for that!

GLORY. A vanishing cream?

PROFESSOR. A cream that never vanishes! Warranted! [*He hands her another book.*] Cream of thought! Philosophy through all the ages! Applied every day,

takes the wrinkles out of the soul! In use thousands of years, and highly recommended! Two dollars!

GLORY. Wha'd'ya mean . . . soul? I don't want my *soul* beautified!

PROFESSOR. That's the only *real* beauty!

MOLLY. And it spreads so quickly!

GLORY. [*Disapproving.*] Oh . . . glycerine!

MOLLY. [*Gently; simply.*] No; I mean soul beauty. You can't have a beautiful soul without its showing through!

PROFESSOR. [*Searching the shelves.*] Have you ever thought of wanting a beautiful voice and diction?

GLORY. I got one!

MOLLY. Got . . . ?!

GLORY. A dictionary! [*Losing patience.*] My God, I didn't come here to buy a dictionary! I know *now* why Mr. Moneypenny's sending you visitors!

PROFESSOR. Why?

GLORY. He's opened a *real* beauty shop across the street. [MOLLY *and the* PROFESSOR *exchange glances.*] Two jars of his skin-food and he guarantees a knock-out for every man you meet!

PROFESSOR. [*Who has been absently looking into a third book.*] Men. Ah! If that's what you want, we have a brain-food . . .

GLORY. *Brain*-food . . . *to please men?!!!* Do I look like the kind of an ingenue who'd believe that?!!! [*Starting to go.*] You're a great ad. for Mr. Moneypenny!

MOLLY. [*Following her.*] Glory. [*She turns.*] Where's David?

GLORY. How should *I* know?

MOLLY. Isn't he your husband?

GLORY. Not since Friday! I got a Paris divorce by radio! I don't tie up with thieves . . . not permanently . . . and, besides, David stopped giving me a kick weeks ago! I b'lieve he's moved back to Jackson Heights! And *me;* I got a new flat . . . but his name's not David! [*She leaves us.*]

PROFESSOR. [*Reading quietly from the volume in his hand.*]

". . . The vain, low strife
That makes men mad—the tug for wealth and power,
The passions and the cares that wither life,
And waste its little hour."

MOLLY. Poor David!

PROFESSOR. Poor Glory!

[*He carries his book to the fire, and sits there reading.* MOLLY *leans over his shoulder. Enter* MISS GOOF, MRS. CHASER, *and* ALEC SMART, *a fat, pasty young man, who swings his hips, and reminds you of the soft gentleman in "The King in Yellow." The three are talking animatedly, unnoticed by the* PROFESSOR *and* MOLLY, *and not observing* them.]

MRS. CHASER. [*As they come in.*] Doesn't look like a Beauty Shop!

SMART. That's its charm! So modern! A play that isn't a bit like a play . . . if you know what I mean!

MISS GOOF. Somebody'll be along presently. Did you go to the fire last night?

MRS. CHASER. Fire?

MISS GOOF. In a forty-two-story building on Fifth Avenue!

SMART. How was it? Any good?

MISS GOOF. *Thrilling!* There was an American flag flying, and, when the flames caught the flag, the crowd cheered!

MRS. CHASER. Why?

MISS GOOF. Oh, nobody knew *why,* but I wouldn't've missed it for anything!

SMART. [*Hopefully.*] Anyone killed?

MISS GOOF. Oh, yes! Quite a good many!

MRS. CHASER. And you saw it all?! How wu-u-underful!

PROFESSOR. [*Who has become aware of them.*] Was it in the Colliseum?

MRS. CHASER. What?

MOLLY. [*Admonishing him.*] Darling!

PROFESSOR. I asked where this spectacle took place. It sounds so Roman!

MOLLY. Can we do anything for you?

SMART. I'm told you sell culture!

MOLLY. [*Doubtfully.*] Well . . .

SMART. I'd like something cheap and showy . . . if you know what I mean! Just enough knowledge of the big boys to be comic about 'em!

MRS. CHASER. He's noted for being comic!

MISS GOOF. [*Identifying him.*] Mr. Smart. . . .

SMART. . . . Alec! You've heard of Alec Smart, the famous de-bunker?

MOLLY AND THE PROFESSOR. [*Simply.*] No.

SMART. *MY GOD!* Why, I'm quoted everywhere! I've de-bunked everything people used to admire . . . decency, sentiment, aspiration, and achievement!

PROFESSOR. [*Reaching for the volume.*] Shouldn't you like a book on "Reverence and Appreciation"?

SMART. What'll that get me? People wouldn't think I knew any more than they do! I've made my reputation by tearing down others!

PROFESSOR. [*Sadly.*] Of course, it's much easier to tear down than to build up!

SMART. My life-work is trying to shrink the giants to my own size . . . so there'll be no one to look up to . . . except, of course, myself and my friends! I'm making the world safe for mediocrity! *Now* have you anything to show me?

PROFESSOR. So much! . . . But I'm afraid you wouldn't like it.

SMART. Eh?

PROFESSOR. You see, you're so modern! . . . I'd like to show you the danger of shrinking the giants. I'd like to show you the harm of hurting them . . . our Beethovens, and Wagners, and Ibsens, who pour out their riches to make life beautiful, and, in return, are bruised, and left to live and die in defeat and misunderstanding. [*He turns to* MOLLY.] The world is no place for artists. For vendors, and hawkers, and wisecrackers, and cheap little tune-mongers, yes . . . but not for artists!

SMART. [*With lofty contempt.*] I don't see much of artists!

PROFESSOR. No; I don't think you do.

SMART. [*At the end of his patience.*] Come on, girls! [*They start.*] Nothing we want in this place! Such a bore! [*He opens the door, to the other side of which is attached* CARRIE; *looking old in her over-dress.*] Well, pipe the Christmas Tree!

CARRIE. [*Puzzled.*] Is this where they make you young and beautiful?

SMART. Dearie, anybody that can make *you* young and beautiful ought to try it on the Sphinx! [*They go into ecstasies of mirth.*] My forte . . . being comic! Try it on the Sphinx! [*They are gone.*]

CARRIE. [*Who has been coming into the room.*] I'm looking for . . .

MOLLY. Michael! It's mother!

PROFESSOR. Well! We're glad to see you!

CARRIE. *Are* you . . . *really?*

PROFESSOR. Of course! Sit here! [*They make her comfortable before the fire.*]

MOLLY. How's father?

CARRIE. [*On the verge of tears.*] He doesn't know me!

We had a quarrel, just before he was taken ill, and afterward I put on all these things to make myself attractive, but still he doesn't know me. [THE PROFESSOR *and* MOLLY *look at each other with pity and understanding.*] That's why I'm here. I thought . . . [*She begins finding it difficult, and is relieved at the entrance of the Curate.*] Here's a customer!

MOLLY. It's Mr. Light!

[*He is a little man; threadbare, very nervous, inclined to stammer, but so happy and human that we like him at once.*]

PROFESSOR. [*Rushing to him, shaking hands, and drawing him over.*] My dear fellow!

MOLLY. Mother, this is Mr. Light!

CARRIE. Pleased to meet you!

LIGHT. I'm glad to know *you!* [*Excitedly, to the others.*] I came to tell you the good news! I'm not to be promoted!

MOLLY. What!

PROFESSOR. [*At the same time.*] They were to double your salary!

LIGHT. [*Beaming.*] Yes, but they're not! I'm to stay where I am! [*Explaining to* CARRIE.] I've my work, and a little garden. . . .

CARRIE. [*Her first interest.*] A garden? . . . With dahlias?

LIGHT. Oh, yes!

CARRIE. I used to have dahlias.

LIGHT. [*Glowing and boastful.*] I've got a Royal Purple!

CARRIE. No?!!

LIGHT. Yes!!!

CARRIE. [*To conceal her emotion.*] I suppose you're in a shabby neighborhood.

PROFESSOR. *Very* shabby!

MOLLY. Tenements!

LIGHT. All professors, and scientists, and poets, and thinkers. They're desperately poor now!

CARRIE. Naturally!

LIGHT. But *very* happy! Only, recently, they've been annoyed by settlement workers!

MOLLY. Millionaires!

PROFESSOR. From Park Avenue!

LIGHT. You know; wholesale butchers, and fur-dealers, and so on!

PROFESSOR. So *we've* opened a settlement house!

MOLLY. For the millionaires!

LIGHT. I'm trying to make their lives a little richer! It's so interesting, and nobody resents my being a clergyman!

CARRIE. Oh, you're a clergyman? I hadn't noticed. What church do you belong to?

LIGHT. Oh, I don't belong to any church! Or, rather, I belong to them all, but I haven't any creed. I'm trying to concentrate on *important* things. Well, I must be going! I wanted to tell you! They've left me my work, and my garden! [*In the doorway; to* CARRIE.] When I divide my roots, I'll send you a Royal Purple! Good-bye! [*He departs.*]

CARRIE. [*Looking around.*] You don't seem very busy!

MOLLY. We *are!*

PROFESSOR. There's a sunrise to see every morning. . . .

CARRIE. I mean *paying* business!

MOLLY. Oh, *that!*

PROFESSOR. People seem interested only in *surface* beauty! It's curious . . . when we can give them stuff for their souls!

MOLLY. You see, dear, there are more faces than souls!

CARRIE. [*Returning to a difficult subject.*] Speaking of faces . . .

MOLLY. Yes, mother?

CARRIE. That's what brought me.

PROFESSOR. Your face?

CARRIE. Yes. I'd thought of having it lifted. [*Hastily.*] I want to get back my husband's love! I want to be as I was when he first met me!

MOLLY. [*To the* PROFESSOR.] Can we . . . ?

PROFESSOR. [*To* MOLLY.] Oh, quite easily! [*He fumbles about . . . looking for something. To* CARRIE.] I'm glad my friend's sending you a Royal Purple. [*She is interested at once.*] Of course, they need a good deal of care . . . almost as much as a baby. [*She smiles, happily. He turns.*] Ah! . . . *You've* got it! You'll have to wear that a long time!

CARRIE. Wear what?

PROFESSOR. That smile. We do all our face-lifting with smiles. Nothing like 'em for taking out wrinkles!

CARRIE. And being young . . . ?

PROFESSOR. Ah, *that* comes of having an interest in . . . dahlias.

CARRIE. But *I* want soft hands. . . .

PROFESSOR. Loving hands are always soft.

CARRIE. I want him to *want* me!

PROFESSOR. Five minutes, or always?

CARRIE. Always!

PROFESSOR. Then it's *quite* easy! [*As he speaks, her expression changes, so that we remember the* CARRIE *her husband described to* MURPHY *in the vault.*] Use no rough words! Wear that smile! Not too many complaints! Not too many demands! Companionship! Mutual interests! Tenderness in your eyes! *That's* the way you looked when he first met you!

MOLLY. *Mother* . . . you're beautiful!

[MR. MONEYPENNY *enters quietly.*]

CARRIE. [*To* MOLLY.] Not . . . really . . . pretty?

MOLLY. Oh, *much* more than that! If you read the newspapers . . . there are just as many pretty women divorced as homely ones. Prettiness doesn't seem to be enough!

PROFESSOR. [*Who has seen him.*] Mr. Moneypenny!

CARRIE. [*Tremulously.*] How's Johnny?

MOLLY. [*At the same time.*] How's my father?

MR. MONEYPENNY. As good as dead.

CARRIE. [*Pitifully.*] Oh, Molly! [*She starts for the door.*]

PROFESSOR. Go with her, Molly. [MOLLY *rushes into her things.* MR. MONEYPENNY *examines the bit of ancient sculpture. To* CARRIE.] Remember . . . the way you looked when he first met you! [CARRIE *looks up, and smiles, and the two women go out together. The* PROFESSOR *turns to* MR. MONEYPENNY.] Assyrian. Isn't it beautiful?

MR. MONEYPENNY. Beautiful . . . but useless! [*The* PROFESSOR *turns away.*] Broke, aren't you?

PROFESSOR. I've got my stock. Nobody can take that away!

MR. MONEYPENNY. Nobody wants it! They haven't time for that stuff now-a-days!

PROFESSOR. No . . . but, Oh, the stuff they *have* time for!

MR. MONEYPENNY. They're all too busy getting more money!

PROFESSOR. [*A faint, amused echo of* MR. MONEYPENNY.] What'll that get 'em?

MR. MONEYPENNY. Everything! It keeps them from being cold and hungry!

PROFESSOR. I know. And we must do that. But, when

we have done it, we must give them another hunger, and satisfy that, too. We must teach them that to have money, and nothing else, is to be very poor.

MR. MONEYPENNY. You don't know what poverty means!

PROFESSOR. Don't I?!! [MISS SHINE *bustles in, bearing the familiar resemblance.*]

MISS SHINE. Can you give me a permanent wave? I'm going to be married! Romantic love! He's got $60,000,000!

PROFESSOR. And you've got a permanent wave!

MISS SHINE. That's it; I haven't! But I can pour tea, and play bridge, and wear negligees charmingly!

PROFESSOR. [*To* MR. MONEYPENNY, *who has returned to the vase.*] Beautiful, but useless!

MISS SHINE. Have you polish remover?

PROFESSOR. [*Offering her a book.*] We have polish.

MISS SHINE. Oh, I read a book once! And I'm crazy about pictures!

PROFESSOR. Do you like Michael Angelo?

MISS SHINE. Yes, but not as well as John Gilbert! But I mustn't stay here discussing Art! No time! I'll call again! Good-bye! [*And she is gone.*]

PROFESSOR. That's my idea of poverty!

MR. MONEYPENNY. It's not mine!

PROFESSOR. What *is* yours?

MR. MONEYPENNY. Slums and brute labor! Struggling hopelessly to make both ends meet! Do you think *her* poverty's worse than *that*?

PROFESSOR. I don't know.

MR. MONEYPENNY. Then you're an idiot!

PROFESSOR. I don't know which *is* worse: Hunger . . . of both kinds . . . and no means to gratify it, or the means, and no hunger. Why need we have either?

MR. MONEYPENNY. Oh, you think you can make a new world!

PROFESSOR. Together, we might . . . you and I!

[*Enter* MR. WISE. *He is a Jew . . . well, but unostentatiously dressed, and he has sly humor, quiet authority, and great understanding. He carries several books, and his pockets are stuffed with magazines.*]

WISE. Good morning!

PROFESSOR. [*Showing his pleasure.*] Good morning!

MR. MONEYPENNY. [*Awed and amazed. To the* PROFESSOR.] Do you know who that is?

PROFESSOR. One of my best customers. [*To* WISE.] You've met Mr. Moneypenny?

MR. MONEYPENNY. Met!!! Why, we're almost brothers!

WISE. [*Aside to the* PROFESSOR.] But I don't like him! [*Aloud.*] I've come to rob you. That Assyrian vase . . . what's it worth?

PROFESSOR. That depends upon what you do with it.

WISE. I'd like to put it where more people can see it.

PROFESSOR. Take it at cost.

WISE. I'd rather pay what it's worth to *you.* [*Gives him a check.*] Though, of course, it will still be yours. [*Takes the vase . . . tenderly.*] You're very kind, and I'm very grateful. Good-day, Mr. Moneypenny.

MR. MONEYPENNY. [*Aside to* WISE.] Why do you defer to that fellow?

WISE. [*Smiles.*] He's so rich!

MR. MONEYPENNY. Well, I'm damned!

WISE. Fancy your realizing it! [*At the door.*] Good morning, Professor!

PROFESSOR. Good morning, old fellow!

[*Trying to wave, with the vase in his hand, and to close the door after him,* WISE *leaves us.*]

MR. MONEYPENNY. Old fellow!!! Do you know how much he's got?!!!

PROFESSOR. [*Nods.*] That's my idea of wealth!

MR. MONEYPENNY. *He* has money!

PROFESSOR. And uses it to make men rich.

MR. MONEYPENNY. I thought you objected to money!

PROFESSOR. Only when it is used to make men poor. Our friend would be rich . . . as he says I am . . . with the barest physical necessities!

MR. MONEYPENNY. Ha!!!

PROFESSOR. Has it occurred to you that the man who had rather have a dream than a diamond may own King Solomon's Mines?

MR. MONEYPENNY. You think "The love of money is the root of all evil"!

PROFESSOR. What do *you* think it is?

MR. MONEYPENNY. The greatest incentive in the world!

PROFESSOR. And the least productive of good.

MR. MONEYPENNY. Love of money creates commerce . . .

PROFESSOR. And criminals.

MR. MONEYPENNY. It builds railroads. . . .

PROFESSOR. Which would have been built without it. Love of money is like all other love . . . no longer

fine when it becomes mere lust of possession. *That* is the root of all evil!

MR. MONEYPENNY. [*Smiling.*] We all need a few roots in our diet.

PROFESSOR. [*Smiling, also.*] But only hogs *live* on roots! [*In deadly earnest.*] *Now* do you understand? I'm not talking about what people do *without* money; I'm talking about what they do *with* it. These people, of all kinds and classes, who have transformed life from a splendid striving into a greedy struggle. . . . These people to whom you've given everything but appreciation of beauty, romance, learning, simplicity, sentiment, friendliness, graciousness and generosity. Everything but understanding of ideals, culture, courtesy, kindness, tenderness, tolerance, and God!

MR. MONEYPENNY. Sounds pretty!

PROFESSOR. *Why can't we work together?*

MR. MONEYPENNY. Because we don't speak the same language!

PROFESSOR. We shall . . . some day.

MR. MONEYPENNY. When you admit that money runs the world! [*The* PROFESSOR *smiles, and shakes his head.*] Money builds your colleges and hospitals; buys the pictures your successes paint; prints the books your men of genius write!

PROFESSOR. I admit *that!*

MR. MONEYPENNY. Then grant that money is happiness!

PROFESSOR. I do! [*Delighted,* MR. MONEYPENNY *prepares to slap him on the back.*] As food and drink, and everything else is happiness . . . *in moderation!* [MR. MONEYPENNY *stops.*] Happiness is a way station between too little, and too much!

MR. MONEYPENNY. [*He laughs, and his arrested hand drops affectionately upon the* PROFESSOR'S *shoulder.*] My friend, you've discovered my secret!

PROFESSOR. [*Suspicious of the flattery.*] And you don't want me to tell anyone.

MR. MONEYPENNY. [*Laughing still more heartily.*] Tell everybody! They've been told again and again, but they won't believe it!

PROFESSOR. I'll make them!

MR. MONEYPENNY. Try!
[JONES *is in the doorway.*] Here's Jones!

PROFESSOR. [*To* JONES.] *He* said you were dead.

JONES. [*Timidly.*] He must be mistaken.

MR. MONEYPENNY. You're dead financially!

PROFESSOR. You're just coming back to life. Don't you feel it?

JONES. [*Surprised, and still a little dazed.*] Yes, I do! Where's Carrie?

PROFESSOR. Home.

JONES. And David?

PROFESSOR. Home . . . in Jackson Heights.

JONES. I guess I'll go home, too. [*He starts toward the fireplace.*]

MR. MONEYPENNY. What'll you do when you get there?

[JONES *stops, between the two other men. The* PROFESSOR *is on his left. As the conversation proceeds, he inclines, physically, first to one, and then to the other.*]

JONES. Try to get my job back at the bank.

MR. MONEYPENNY. And quit, and go home, and sleep, and get up, and go back! Is *that* life?

JONES. I don't know.

[*The lights are growing very dim, except on the three men.*]

MR. MONEYPENNY. Carrie'll go on growing dahlias, and be tickled to death when you give her $2 for a new root!

JONES. [*Fervently.*] I hope to God she will! [*And again he starts.*]

MR. MONEYPENNY. Back to the treadmill?

PROFESSOR. You've just left the treadmill!

MR. MONEYPENNY. Don't you want to be rich again?

JONES. Could I?

MR. MONEYPENNY. Sure!

JONES. How?

MR. MONEYPENNY. Follow me!

JONES. It's a bargain!

[*He is about to follow . . .* away *from the fireplace . . . when from in front of him, out of the surrounding darkness, we hear:*]

JUNIOR. Hello, Pop! Did you think I wasn't coming?

[*He steps into the light, looking very much as when we saw him first.*]

PROFESSOR. Junior!

JONES. [*Fearfully.*] You didn't marry that girl?

JUNIOR. Of course not! I'm going to be editor of The Graphic!

JONES. Where's my lunch?

JUNIOR. You been sick. Mother says you'd better come home!

[JONES *hesitates, and then, from the direction of the fireplace, we hear:*]

CARRIE. Johnny! . . . Come help with the dishes!

JONES. [*Weakly.*] I'm coming.

[*They start. The light follows them to the fireplace, and, amazingly, we see that it has become the door to the house in Jackson Heights.* MR. MONEYPENNY *begins playing with his coins. The jingle fills the air, and is very musical. Again,* JONES *hesitates, but* JUNIOR *has gone through the door, and left it open, so that, from inside, we hear:*]

DAVID. Father!

JONES. [*Tremulously.*] David!

DAVID. Don't you want to go fishing?

[*We hear the clatter of a lawn mower, and the wall, with the door, begins moving toward* JONES.]

JONES. [*Victoriously.*] I'M COMING! !

[*He advances through the door, and the light, still following, leaves everything in darkness but the kitchen into which he comes. This kitchen is now our stage. We see* CARRIE, *in her apron, homey and good to look upon . . . just as we once imagined her . . . drying dishes. Beyond her is another door, through which bounds a joy-mad mutt . . . Coolidge . . . to be clasped quickly in his master's arms.*]

MR. MONEYPENNY. [*In the darkness.*] You fool!

JONES. [*In the light. He has risen, and gone to* CARRIE. *It is to her, held close, that he speaks.*] I'm not going to be a fool any more . . . never any more, Carrie.

[*He lays his cheek against her's, before turning to help with the dishes. In the far doorway,* DAVID *waits with two fishing poles, and Coolidge. Slowly the light fades here, and comes up upon an elevation that was our six-foot bookcase. Slowly, we make out two figures there . . . one upon the eminence; the other lower down and on his right. It is not until the end of* MR. MONEYPENNY'S *next speech that we really identify him, standing upon a golden throne, before a golden chair, robed in a glittering, golden robe of coin-like sequins; wearing a golden, jewelled crown; carrying a jewelled scepter.*]

PROFESSOR. One man has learned the truth!

MR. MONEYPENNY. [*Good-humoredly.*] One man, or a thousand . . . what does it matter, while there are still millions, billions to whom I am the King?

VOICES. [*A soft, choral chant in the dark distance.*] Millions—Billions! Money, money! Get it, get it! Must have it! Millions—Billions!

PROFESSOR. [*Above this dying chant; also good-*

humoredly.] King now, perhaps, but Kings are disappearing from the Earth!

MR. MONEYPENNY. I shall be the Last of the Kings! King of the Earth, and the Mines under the Earth! Master of the Sea, and the Air!

PROFESSOR. I take it, Heaven is still safe.

MR. MONEYPENNY. Yes, my friend, but my altitude-record's getting better every day! Who knows what I shall yet attain?

THE VOICES. Millions—Billions!

[*And the light, leaving the* PROFESSOR, *as it has left the kitchen, glimmers at the foot of the throne, toward which, mounting from all directions, we see brown, stonish steps. Upon these steps are the owners of the voices . . . a dense crowd, in motley array, pushing, shoving, scrambling toward the top, but never reaching it. As yet, we see them dimly. As dimly, but growing more visible during the next speech, behind* MR. MONEYPENNY, *in black silhouette, against a flaming sky, we begin to make out chimneys of ships and factories. The skeleton of a skyscraper. Airplanes. A huge wheel . . . its hub directly back of his head, so that he wears it like a halo. And now, above the chant, in the dazzling light that beats upon the top of the throne, Money is Talking . . . boastfully, blatantly, without fear of contradiction.*]

MR. MONEYPENNY. Let who will, fall out; the parade goes on! On and on forever . . . and I pipe the tune for marching! [*We hear muffled drums, and a muffled bugle-call.*] The drums of War . . . and of Peace that is Eternal War! The voices of Futile Men are raised against me, and drowned in the Battle-Cry of My Followers! I am the Glory of Nations! I am Prince of all Lands . . . *Ruler of All Men!* I AM KING OF EVERYWHERE, AND EMPEROR OF EVERYTHING!

[*The light upon the steps has been growing stronger, and, at last, we see clearly that struggling throng. With hands upstretched, reaching toward what they never attain; crowding, climbing over one another, with a single aim, and no quarter, are men and women in evening dress; high-hatted men of business; wanton women of the town; men wearing orders; women wearing tiaras; men in robes and uniforms . . . Judges, Generals. . . . Farther away from the Presence, at the foot of the throne, thieves, beggars, gamblers, politicians, street-corner harlots . . . all crying out in a rising crescendo that becomes a mighty chorus.*]

THE VOICES. Hail! Hail! Money! Money! Out of my way! Must get it! Must have it! For Christ's sake. . . . Gimme! Gimme! More! More! Millions—Billions! Money! Money! Hail! Hail!

[*The* KING *waves his scepter. The wheel revolves. The chimneys belch smoke. The drums roll. And the* KING *laughs . . . laughs unctuously, laughs uproariously at the spectacle of a Groveling World. Darkness closes in, blotting out everything but the evil, laughing face . . . and then, that, too, disappears. When the lights come up, the curtain has fallen, and we are leaving the theater to the strains of "GLORY HALLELUJAH."*]

THE END OF THE PLAY